

THE SATIRIST,
OR,
MONTHLY METEOR.

DECEMBER 1, 1811.

GUY FAWKES' DAY;

A New Burletta, founded on the Plot, Incidents, and Dialogue of

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA;

*As performed at the Crown and Anchor Theatre, Nov. 5, 1811,
with additional scenes,*

By TRISTRAM TRITE TRASH, ESQUIRE!

Dramatis Personæ.

PETER UGLYMUG (a chairman from Essex).

PAUL PHILOMEL (a pimping parson).

BEN BUDGE (a Hunt-ed lamp-lighter).

CRISPIN HEELTAP (a Hardy cobbler).

LAWYER STAGGER (an honest counsellor when sober).

PICKPOCKETS, Forum Orators, and Reformers, by the
rest of the Company, i. e. Gang.

*Scene.—A landing place crowded with rabble, who eagerly
press forward to a door which opens to a dining room.*

*Enter PARSON PHILOMEL, PETER UGLYMUG, BEN
BUDGE, CRISPIN HEELTAP, and LAWYER STAGGER
(running).*

[*They make a bolt towards the door, but are unable to get through the crowd, and at length advance to the front of the stage in great agitation, looking mournfully on each other.*]

QUINTETTO.—Tune "*Go to the devil and shake yourself.*"

Parson Philomel. Did the devil himself ever see such a mess
Since the universe first did begin;

Uglymug & Crispin. We can't get a sight of the door,
Ben Budge & Stagger. ————— and much less
Shall we e'er have a chance to get in.

Par. Phil. Suppose, friends, we raise of a fire the cry;—
Ben Budge, Crisp. & Ugly. Perhaps the d——d rascals
might run.

Par. Phil. And as some in the row would their necks
twist awry,
I think 'twou'd be glorious fun.

Chorus—Did the devil himself, &c.

Stagger. Or what if the landlord or waiter we pay
To open for us a sly door?

B. Budge, Crisp. Uglym. & Phil. By jingo at once you
have named the best way—
Any other's a d—n—ble bore.

Chorus.—For the devil himself never saw such a mess
Since the universe first did begin;
We can't get a sight of the door—and much less
Shall we e'er have a chance to get in.

Stagger. A bribe will serve us foes of base corruption,
And get us in before the mob's irruption.

Uglym. I like the plan, it something has so funny,
But who will now advance the ready money?
I have but two-pence with me, for—odds curse!
In t'other breeches I have left my purse.

Stagger. 'Tis d——d unlucky; but since I came in
I spent, below, my last half-crown for gin.

Ben Budge. I've not a shilling——

Par. Phil. ——Zounds! 'tis very odd——

But, damme! that's my case, so help me G—d.

Crispin. I brought no money with me, as I fear'd
The gang would fleece me if its chink they heard.

What's to be done?——

Uglym. —— If I know I'll be c—st.

Can we sell nothing?——Will the waiters trust?

Stagger. Have you no trinkets?—Gemmen, in your
stations

Must something have——

Uglym. —— I've *Harvey's Meditations*:

These may a something yield—at least I'll try 'em.

Par. Phil. You go to blazes!—who the hell will buy 'em?

Ben Budge. I have *Hunt's Essays*——

Stagger. —— Pooh! all this is buz.

Par. Phil. By G—d, I'm poorer than the man of Uz.

Stagger. And so am I; but surely, Parson Paul,

This cannot be at once the case with all.

Par. Phil. (*aside to Stagger*). I think you're right, my
friend, and, d——n my e—s!

If these our *palls* don't tell infernal lies.

Stagger. To find out this I'll soon propose a way;—

Who *has*, on such occasions, aught to pay.

Friends, as without a bribe we're in the lurch,

Suppose we straight other's pocket search.

Ben Budge. That, that is no bad thought I think a fact is,

At worst it will *but keep our hands in practice*.

One hand may find out what another can't,

Whoever may object to this, I shan't.

Par. Phil. Act as you please.—You each may search your
man,

For me I cannot come into the plan.

My nature's such, that sorely it would shock it,
If others' hands were thrust into my pocket.
That there is nothing there, is known to you ;
Upon *my honour* I have told you true.

Crispin. No flummery, parson—sure you do but jest,

Stagger. You must be searched as well as all the rest.

Sharp is the word ! no longer here we prate—
All hope is lost if longer we debate.

Now to the search——

All, with the exception of Phil. Agreed—

Stagger. ————— Be quick, my boys,

Or we're undone.—Hark ! heardst thou not a
noise ?

Methought, Oh horror ! something was the mat-
ter,

And that of knives and forks I heard the clatter.

Uglyn. Tut ! 'twas all fancy.

Stagger. ————— Hark again !—a roar

I hear in the direction of the door.

Heard'st thou the omen ?

Uglyn. ————— It was but the wind,

Rumbling in empty stomachs, ill confined ;

Or bursting out in eructations loud,

From the starv'd patriots who compose the
crowd.

Stagger. And was that all ?

Uglyn. ————— By my best hopes, no more

Than what from hungry guts we've heard before.

Stagger. My spirits rise again,—they are not in ;

But now directly let the search begin.

[*They proceed to search each other, but nothing of consequence is found, till Parson Philomel's pockets are examined, when a handsome snuff-box is produced.*]

Crispin. A fancy snuff-box!—This is just the thing.
His pockets too were empty—(sneering)—Ha! a
 spring;
 This will a something better still disclose,
 Some pretty scripture painting I suppose.

[*Here Crispin touches the spring and a painting appears representing a scene from Mr. C.'s very moral history.*]

Crispin. It is I find exactly as I guessed—
David and Bathsheba are here undressed.
 O this will do!

Par. Phil. ———— Nay, that I cannot spare;
 That from a friend I had, with lock of hair,
 “Keep these for me,” he cried, and forward
 sprung,
 Mounted the drop, and like a hero swung.—
 That I can't part with—no; a lie, I scorn it.

Stagger. Nay, we will only for ten shillings pawn it;
 Here waiter! waiter!

Par. Phil. ———— Sure you can't intend——

Enter WAITER.

Stagger. Come here, John; you shall hold this for my
 friend

If you will——

Par. Phil. ———— Ha! then heaven has heard
 my prayer.

Hold, sirs, and look what Providence put there;
 See in my cuff, in this queer sort of crease,
 I've just now found a prime three shilling piece.

Omnes. Come that's a good one (*laughing*)—Parson,
 that won't do.

Par. Phil. By G—d! I'll take my solemn oath 'tis true.

Stagger. But you won't have the box for less than two.

So you must lose it tho' your heart be broken,
 Unless your prayers will yield another *token*.
 Here, waiter, take this box, and he will pay
 To-morrow, or at farthest the next day.

Par. Phil. (to the waiter) Hold, sacrilegious wretch, or else
 your pate

Shall pay for taking off the church's plate.

Methought I heard a something tumble down,
 Come whence it may behold there lies a crown—
 Give me the box. By heaven! it makes me
 dizzy—

Nay look yourselves, a dollar and a *tizze*.
 There take it—give that money all to Jack,
 And *my* snuff-box and token, give *me* back.

Stagger. Here, take this, John, and give us seats at table
 Before the door is opened to the rabble.

[*Gives money, exit Waiter.*

Par. Phil. Give me the box——

Stagger. —— Nay, parson, stop a minute——

Par. Phil. Alas! I fear I've now my *foot put in it*.

Stagger. Advertisements for this were lately scribbled;
 And therefore, Sir, it must be *newly nibbled*.
 Now make your choice, the alternative is fair—
 We'll hang you—or with you the prize we'll
 share.

On such a friend we would not turn our backs.

All, with the exception of Phil. Say then the word——

Par. Phil. —— Well, d—n it! we'll go snacks.

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. Come this way, gents, and seats secur'd you'll find.

All. Then let the devil take who lags behind.

[*They run off in the direction pointed out by the Waiter. Immediately after the dining-room door opens and the mob rush in with a tremendous noise, shouting as hunters (of mad bulls) usually do when the game is in view.*]

SCENE II.

[A large apartment, on which something of a dinner appears to have been spread. *Uglymug* presides, and all his friends are seated near him at the upper end of the table. The whole of the company are eagerly scrambling for the provisions, which those who are successful put in their pockets as fast as they can lay hands upon it. They attempt to do the same with the knives, forks, and spoons, but are prevented by the chains which hold those *valuables* to the table. Parson Philomel is seen in the act of saying grace, gnawing the leg of a fowl, and picking a waiter's pocket at the same time. Several skirmishes take place, and at last two *gentlemen* of the party strip to fight. A ring is formed in the middle of the room, and at the close of the scramble, a considerable number of the company surround the combatants.]

Uglym. Order! I say—d'ye hear? be silent there:
 Why d—n my wig! will no one mind the chair?
 Be calm, my friends, what use is all this bustle?
 Who have we here, pray, worth a d—n to hustle?
 Come, gents, a toast I'll give that fits the cause
 Of those who * *bark* like us against the laws.
 Resume your seats——

* Here the President happened to *hem*! upon which a punster observed it should seem he meant to say *h—embark*.

[The company feel the weight of the Chairman's admonitions and return, while the bruisers begin to put on their clothes.]

Uglyn. ————— I hope you're neither hurt.

First Boxer. I'm very well—but where the hell's my shirt?

Par. Phil. (*who was drawing a shirt under him, now perceives that his motions are observed, and hastily comes forward*).

Here is your shirt, my friend, quick put it on;

My eye was on it, or it had been gone.

Second Boxer. But for the Parson, it had gone to h—ll.

First Boxer. He held it tight, no doubt—I know him well;

And I rejoice, as much as I him know,

That just for once the s—l let it go.

Uglyn. Now, comrades, tho' discharg'd, and late enlarg'd,

I trust you are again already *charg'd*.

"Trial by jury" is the toast, you know,

As that sav'd Crispin's neck some years ago.

Grand Chorus.—TUNE, "*Herc's a health to all good lasses.*"

Here's a health to all staunch cobblers,

Pass it briskly: d—n all hobblers;

Let the jovial toast go round.

May they merrily meet their fate,

If on pillory, drop, Newgate,

Or high gibbet they be found,

Or high gibbet they be found, &c.

[They drink it with three times three, loudly applauding themselves.]

SONG.—Crispin. TUNE—"Gee ho Dobbin."

My thanks for the honour you've just done me now,
Accept, as they call for my very best bow;

That I 'scap'd Mister Ketch is a wonder, 'tis true,
And I wish, Mr. Chairman, the same luck to you.
Gee ho Dobbin, gee ho Dobbin, &c.

What a shame 'tis that those who with glee freedom
hail,
Should ever by lawyers be coop'd up in jail.
You *must know*, Parson Paul, it is such a d—d thing,
That a *Nightingale* there would want spirit to sing.
Gee ho Dobbin, gee ho Dobbin, &c.

While there I confess that I felt like a cake,
And was often my dying speech tempted to make;
But still I'd an eye to the stock of my shop,
Tho' off the hooks daily expecting to pop.
Gee ho Dobbin, gee ho Dobbin, &c.

My bristles, paste, lapstones, and tacks, I one day
Pack'd off, aye and vow'd I'd *my shoes throw away*;
The *stir-up* I still though felt anxious to see;
I expected my *last*, with my *Jack* and my *tree*.
Gee ho Dobbin, gee ho Dobbin, &c.

Thus musing my *awl* on, I looked to my *end*,
Till the Jury conceiving a *cobler* might *mend*,
Dismiss'd me as guiltless of all that was past;
But still I'm *fool-Hardy*, and staunch to the *last*.
Gee ho Dobbin, gee ho Dobbin, &c.

Omnes. Bravo! my friend.

Uglyn. ——— A famous voice you boast.

Crispin. I now call on the Parson for a toast.

Par. Phil. Thus call'd on, Gents, I feel I can't do less
Than give you—(bumpers!) "To all thieves' success;

And may all rioters whose minds are callous,
In ease and plenty live, and cheat the gallows!"

[*This toast, like the former, is drunk with great applause.*]

Ben Budge. That such your feelings are I'm glad to find,
And now I'll tell you something of my mind.

SONG.—Tune, "Tom, that d—d Tom Cat."

How I hate to look
At Vic Gibbs's noddle,
When it meets my eye
I can hardly waddle.
In his face I see,
Fancy 'tis, perhaps,
Jail and pillory,
Gallows, whips, and traps.

Tura lura lu, &c.

Now I'll speak my mind, sure I may with reason,
All to riot staunch are, I know, and treason.
Vic we ought to diddle—as I think his face
Would adorn a fiddle, 'twould a *lamp-post* grace.

Tura lura lu, &c.

Uglym. I think that's not quite right, Ben Budge, because
(*aside*) That there may startle several *Johnny Raws*.

(*aloud*) I hope to see the gallows out of fashion
Before I die, as for it I've no passion.

The darkest head, I do not think it right,
And blackest heart, to blend with *lamp-post* light.

Stagger. I'll give a toast, to end this botheration,
D—nme! I'll give "Religious Toleration."

[*They drink this laughing, but with great applause.*]

Par. Phil. That toast affects me. To give thanks I rise;
I cannot, would not, help it, d—n my e—s.

SONG.—Tune, "*'Tis the voice of the Nightingale warbles
aloud.*"

The day is departed, and evening now

In majesty sombre appears;

The last bold reformer has kick'd up a row,

And cursedly wounded our ears.

My breth'ren, my pells I mean, say, is it meet

That we longer should hear this Baboon:

Our Chairman condemn'd it, but then in his heat,

Like an ass *put his foot in it* soon.

All lamp-post expressions, I vow and protest,

'Tis now my design to oppose;

For if they are not twisted out but in jest,

To free fair discussion, they're foes.

But though these to reason can never belong,

Still 'tis nothing to Perceval's host:

Shall such paltry rascals denounce them as wrong?

D—n the *Satirist*, friends, d—n the *Post*.

The miscreants who write for those infamous prints

Deserve in no civilized country to thrive:

If they notice what passes here, after these hints,

May they all to go to h—ll, drawn and quarter'd
alive.

And since Toleration's my boast and my pride,
 Here's destruction to all who dare differ from us ;
 Of their blood let me see but the sweet purple tide,
 And for h—ll and the d—I I won't care a curse.

Ben Budge. I rise to explain ;— but I prithee what harm
 Was in what I said ? tho' I spoke rather warm ;
 I do not pretend to great things as a fighter,
 But thought I might be of some use as *lamp-lighter*.
 In truth, to that business I own I've been brought
 up,
 And skill could display if Sir Vic were once
 caught up.

The face I have mention'd I'd swear on the book,
 Exceedingly well in the p——y would look ;
 His phiz, truth to say, always gave me a *turn*.

Stagger. Aye, aye, Mr. Budge, we've not that *now to learn*.
 The Parson and I who are up to the riggs,
 Know the sight of his face gives a *turn to all prigs*.

[*Parson Philomel appears too drunk to understand this. Stagger and others now go to him and insist on his endeavouring to appease the writers he had noticed, and whom it is supposed are present. He rises with difficulty, and attempts to speak, muttering curses while he strives*

“ To rally all life's energies to lie.”

After a number of unsuccessful efforts, he utters a few incoherent expressions of regret, hiccups, and falls down much affected, and at length, being left to himself, goes to sleep under the table.]

Uglim. Order there, Gents ; such rows I never seed ;
 'Tis time that we to harmony proceed.

A toast I'll give, which all must drink with me—
Here's "Of Guy Fawkes the glorious memory."
Omnes. To drink this toast with you, we all agree,
Here's "Of Guy Fawkes the glorious memory."

[They drink this toast in solemn silence, accompanied by thunder and lightning (gin and bitters). The Ghost of Guy Fawkes now rises to return thanks. This, in the first instance he does in pantomime, after the manner of those solemn gentry whose antics delight the town in "The Wood Dæmon," "The Castle Spectre," and "The Benighted Travellers." To this character of course a dark lantern and a lighted match are necessary. The lantern falls from his hand, and encounters the scull of the Lamplighter, on which it leaves a mark similar to that which a stamp imprints on a pound of butter. Soft music is now heard to the tune of "I Randy Dandy O!"]

Ghost. Gentlemen, prick up your ears,
I randy dandy O,
The ghost of the Great Guy Fawkes appears,
With his gallypin, rallypin, dandy O;
I only come to give my thanks,
I randy dandy O;
For the honour you've done me.—Keep up your
pranks,
With your gallypin, rallypin, dandy O
I'm glad to find you get on so there,
I randy dandy O;
So now adieu till we meet elsewhere,
With your gallypin randy dandy O.

[The Ghost here vanishes, after which, as in the Wood Dæmon, a variety of SQUIBS are let off. In the course of this

solemn scene the Parson, so far recovers himself as to pick several of the waiters' pockets. His conscience won't allow him to try those of his friends, as he knows they are empty. The whole of the company are by this time so far gone in the good cause that they are unable to keep their feet, and LE MAITRE de la maison is obliged to supply them with straw. They form a tableau!—Exeunt omnes.]



"THE NEWS," A WEAK-LY PAPER.

MR. SATIRIST,

Allow me to ask if you take in—Psha! you would then be *taken in* most egregiously—I meant to ask—Do you ever *take up*—THE NEWS? It is worth your (*Satirist-ship's*) while, I assure you. Calling the other morning on a friend, I was informed by the servant, (a quaint fellow, with "snip-snap short," as Pope calls it,) that his master had just *stept* out, but would *step* in presently, and begged me to *step* into the parlour. When I entered the room, my eyes being but PERRY*-ish (a "*Chronicle*" disorder,) I perceived, as I thought, the break fast-cloth laid; whereas, on a nearer approach, I discovered that the table was over-spread with *sheets* (not the most cleanly) of "the News." Taking out my spectacles, and taking up the first paper that came to hand, I read, with amazement, the following article.

* Mr. Perry can (never-the-less for his eyes, which are incomparably small) see further into the abuses of Government than any oppositionist in the united kingdom!!!

"It is an observation which applies equally to *Parliament* as to *KINGS* that their *TRUE* characters are *rarely* drawn *DURING THEIR EXISTENCE*. However the *TIME-SERVERS* who derive advantage from *the wickedness of the one*, or the corruption of the other, *may* flatter them with the names of "*Best of Kings*," and "*FATHERS OF THEIR Country*," *POSTERITY*, seldom attaches much *credit*, &c. &c. The mist is dispelled, and the "*best of Kings*" turns out, *A SELF-WILLED, OBSTINATE BIGOT*"—Here my *friend* entered the room, and, seeing me shaken with passion, *kindly* enquired, what was the matter? I *let off* Hamlet's *pun* against Polonius—"The *MATTER*—look here"—pointing to the above paragraph—"Poh, Poh," he replied with wonderful complacency of countenance, "read on, and you will find *all is right*." I begged pardon—rubbed, and resumed my spectacles—and read on . . . "as was the *case* with *JAMES THE SECOND*."—There, said he, did not I tell you *all was right*? What! was you dreaming of *George the ******? I had no patience—"DEM"—(*ocrat* "stuck in my throat"—) Without saying *a SYLLABLE more*, I abruptly left the room Now, Mr. Satirist, Non sum *Cedipus*;—and I *may* be mistaken respecting "*THE NEWS*"-monger's allusion. To your superior judgment, I appeal. Note, "*Best of Kings*" in *italics*!!

I remain,———No, I do not remain for I have

MORE "NEWS"!

Dated *November 3d* *The King against White* ("The Independent Whig"-ite)—Thus saith the mighty "*News*" "*WE*" (how majestic!) "*shall* say nothing as to the *choice of expression*"—(choice of expression! *very choice*! a certain *curiosa felicitas*—though likely to have proved very

unlucky in the end !)—of this *Political MARTYR!!!* “We,” &c. “in which the paragraph in question is *conveyed*, but as to its general purport, WE (again !) profess *ourselves EXACTLY OF A SIMILAR OPINION!!!*” [Sir *Vicary* seize you!] WE (a third !) have *often* thought *there is too much of GERMANIC ARISTOCRACY in the mode of governing OUR army.* WE (*start eye!—a fourth!!*) express it as OUR belief, that BONAPARTE’s *plan of rewarding his common soldiers on the field of battle for acts of bravery is*—[aye, now for it, Mr. Satirist, *ex fumo dare lucem!* Now for THE NEWS !] “EXCELLENTLY *adapted to excite emulation and heroism!!!*” There’s for you! We read in Citizen *White*—a *Citizen* of no mean *notoriety* in the annals of *Democracy*—(after “is”)—“the melancholy reverse!” So that you see, how close the patriotic (other-wise, the *public-spirited*) editor of the “News,” treads on the *kibe* of the “Independent” DOER of “the Whig!” *Proceed-Ass!* *Aude aliquid carcere dignum!!*

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Your’s,

Nov. 18th.

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

THE PATRIAD.

(Continued from page 351.)

THE COUNCIL.

“COME, Night, and shroud me in thy raven robe;
Nor peep thou, Cynthia, from thy hall of clouds;

Nor Philomela soothe me with thy song,
As thou wert wont in days of other years,
When green in spring, with youthful hand I struck
The harp to love—now weightier cares demand
The Poet and his song. Let nought be heard
Save that the howling spirit of the hill,
And night-hags shriek portentous, as she rides
Upon the tempest's wing, and sweeps along
The lonely mountain's side, in cadence join,
And mingle with my song, and gibbering tell
Of future times and empires' mighty fall."

It is here necessary to observe, that in mountainous countries, where the face of nature is roughened with abrupt masses of rocks, &c. the howling of a tempest produces sounds which, to such an imagination as my Uncle's, might well suggest the gibbering voices of Demons and Evil Spirits,

" 'Twas at the midnight hour, when Darkness spread
Her sable veil o'er half the sleeping world;
And Silence beckon'd from his couch unblest
The blood-stain'd murderer to deeds of death—
The thief to rapine—the conspirator
To meet in council. When the iron tongue
Of Time percussive told th' appointed hour,
The wary Katterfelto o'er his form
Deception threw, and in a watchman's cloak,
With pole and lanthorn, issued forth to meet
His bold compatriots in Sedition's cave:
And as he trod the solitary street,
A seeming faithful guardian of the night,
And call'd the hour, the empty bulks and stalls
In sullen echoes murmur'd back the sound.

" As thus in dark disguise he mov'd along,
 Thus ponder'd in his mind th' advent'rous Chief:
 ' Thrice happy thought ! by Hell itself inspir'd,
 That bade me seeming act a watchman's part,
 And guard the sleeping * subjects of the realm.
 While they, good easy souls, my warning voice
 Or rattle hear, secure they rest ; or rous'd,
 Join me in hot pursuit of fancied thieves.
 While thus I lead the fools in folly's maze,
 Or see them doze in stupid dull security,
 I undermine their walls and seize my prey.—
 O glorious achievement !—I steal a gem,
 Which makes the drivelling ideots poor indeed ;
 A gem so precious—so beyond all price,
 That in comparison Golconda's poor—
 Peru and Ophir objects of contempt.
 Too late they find, when far beyond their reach,
 The greatest thief was he who cried—' *stop thief.*'
 My seeming cloak of virtue now conceals
 My dark intentions from the honest herd ;
 But will that cloak avail to screen my deeds
 Of high ambition from the wiser crew,
Illuminati of our desperate band,
 Who, sway'd by like ambition, hope to rise
 On eagle pinion to the giddiest height,
 The cloud-capt aerie of Imperial Power ?
 ' O come, Dissimulation, deep and dark,
 And pall me in thy dunnest robe, that eye
 Of Hell itself may still impervious find
 The purpose hid in Katterfelto's heart.

* I must acknowledge that this is what may be called a *Welsh* bull ;
 for these who were asleep would of course not *hear* the rattle.

' O tongue, which oft betrays imprudent man,
Obedient be to strictest discipline :
For is it not of Katterfelto said,
That tho' a patriot poisonous as the snake,
Which treacherous lurks amid Columbian wilds,
Yet that by watchful Providence I'm doom'd,
Like it, to kindly warn the wandering fool,
I bear a noisy rattle in my train ?

" While thus communing with himself, the Chief
Approach'd the Cave, and Peter's eye oblique
Glanc'd o'er the form, in watchman's guise obscur'd ;
Alarm'd at first—but soon the Porter spied
The phiz protuberant, and recogniz'd
Their great compeer. A murmur of applause
Spread through the grot : as when the winter's sky
At eve frowns darkling, and the rushing winds
Far through the forest drive the rustling leaves,
And to the wandering trav'ler dread foretells
The rising tempest. So the Patriots greet
Their daring Chief, and call him to the chair :
Where high above the rest that lin'd the board,
In proud pre-eminence enthron'd it stood,
Grotesque in form, and hewn by savage hands
(A penal task assign'd for murders foul),
From Java's deadly, desolating tree,
The far-fam'd Upas.* And a thousand souls,
Ere rear'd its giant frame, the infernal chair,
With all their load of crimes, all unanneal'd,
Fell guilty victims to the task impos'd.

" Black as the ebon throne of Satan, stood
The ponderous chair, with streaks of red commix'd ;

* For a description of the Upas tree, see Darwin's Botanic Garden.

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 Thus ponder'd in his mind th' advent'rous Chief:
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 Who, sway'd by like ambition, hope to rise
 On eagle pinion to the giddiest height,
 The cloud-capt aerie of Imperial Power ?
 ' O come, Dissimulation, deep and dark,
 And pall me in thy dunnest robe, that eye
 Of Hell itself may still impervious find
 The purpose hid in Katterfelto's heart.

* I must acknowledge that this is what may be called a *Welsh* bull ;
 for those who were asleep would of course not *hear* the rattle.

' O tongue, which oft betrays imprudent man,
Obedient be to strictest discipline :
For is it not of Katterfelto said,
That tho' a patriot poisonous as the snake,
Which treacherous lurks amid Columbian wilds,
Yet that by watchful Providence I'm doom'd,
Like it, to kindly warn the wandering fool,
I bear a noisy rattle in my train ?

" While thus communing with himself, the Chief
Approach'd the Cave, and Peter's eye oblique
Glanc'd o'er the form, in watchman's guise obscur'd ;
Alarm'd at first—but soon the Porter spied
The phiz protuberant, and recogniz'd
Their great compeer. A murmur of applause
Spread through the grot : as when the winter's sky
At eve frowns darkling, and the rushing winds
Far through the forest drive the rustling leaves,
And to the wandering trav'ler dread foretells
The rising tempest. So the Patriots greet
Their daring Chief, and call him to the chair :
Where high above the rest that lin'd the board,
In proud pre-eminence enthron'd it stood,
Grotesque in form, and hewn by savage hands
(A penal task assign'd for murders foul),
From Java's deadly, desolating tree,
The far-fam'd Upas.* And a thousand souls,
Ere rear'd its giant frame, the infernal chair,
With all their load of crimes, all unanneal'd,
Fell guilty victims to the task impos'd.

" Black as the ebon throne of Satan, stood
The ponderous chair, with streaks of red commix'd ;

* For a description of the Upas tree, see Darwin's Botanic Garden.

A demon's form it had distorted ; wild,
 Hideous, and monstrous as the savage mind,
 In gloomiest mood of strong perverted fancy,
 Ere form'd the object of his hate or fear ;—
 The crouching figure's knees present the seat ;
 His scaly body is the towering back ;
 Whilst bat-like wings, drawn forward, form'd above
 A wide-spread canopy, and hid the face,
 Too hideous to behold—outying far
 All that prolific brain of bard has feign'd
 Of devil, gorgon, or chimera dire.

“ Great Katterfelto to his throne approach'd,
 And ere his seat he took complacent view'd
 The chair infernal ; nor less pleas'd beheld
 Its monstrous head with *crown and anchor* grac'd,
 Emblems of Hope and Power. Awhile he sat,
 Till order settl'd 'mid his bold compeers
 Gave room for speech. Meanwhile he ponder'd deep,
 And inwardly invok'd th' infernal powers,
 Then to their greedy ears he thus began :—

‘ Friends, countrymen, and *patriots of the soil*,*
 Together call'd to vindicate the rights,
 The glorious *Rights of Man*, by power oppress'd ;
 Power, all hateful power, which over-rules
 The strong propensities of man born free,
 Restraining all his noble energies.

‘ “ From the proud monarch seated on his throne,
 Down to the constable and turnkey, arm'd
 With petty brief authority,—'tis Power—
 'Tis Power and Rule which claim our deadliest hate.

‘ “ Ask Peter there, who guards our cavern's mouth,

* Qu. *Nightmen*?—Ed.

What, by coercion vile, his stiff neck held
In wooden collar on the circling stage?
Ask Jones and Cobbett, names to patriots dear,
What within Newgate's strong disgraceful wall,
'Mid felons, bade them groan whole years away?
And more than all, what doom'd e'en me your Chief
To number tedious months within the T——?—
'Twas Law accurst, and hateful Rule and Power:
Nor e'er will man be free until the rod
Is wrested from the hand of Justice stern—
But how to do it?—there's the rub, my friends.

“ ‘ Her claws we fear,—but who shall bell the cat?—
E'en Katterfelto's self shall do the deed,
If you, my worthy, daring, brave compeers
Will not forsake me in the hour of need.—
But wary be our steps: in vain we've tried
To rouse the sluggish dolts to open force;—
By sap and mine alone the structure falls.

“ ‘ It is the CONSTITUTION, glorious styl'd,
That still upholds the o'erawing rod of power;
But by the foolish Britons held so dear,
That to express dislike would rouse at once
A nest of hornets round our foolish heads;
Therefore I praise what in my heart I hate,
Talk loudly of repairs—pretend to mend
While dire destruction only is my aim.
Within this chair, by acclamation plac'd,
'Tis mine to hear your councils ever wise.’

“ Now uproar rose amid the motley throng;
At once an hundred mouths are open wide,
And all would speak though none were left to hear.

“ So when a pack of staunch and well-train'd hounds
Fall on the tainted track of cunning fox,
They burst at once in one united peal;

But still some hound, for truth and staunchness known,
 Attracts the huntsman's ear, and him he cheers ;
 While '*Hark to Ringwood*,' all the woods resound.
 So, 'mid the mighty din, BILL SOAMES was heard,—
 And '*Hark to BILL*' great Katterfelto cried.
 Confusion quick subsides—amid the cries
 Of '*order, order*.'—Bill arose, and spoke,
 '*Gemmen*, although without the *gift of gab*
 I can't sit mum and hear my *calling queer'd*
 By yonder *rum one*, in the devil's lap ;*
 What though sometimes we're *nabb'd*, and sent to *quod*,
 Yet who more staunch than we in this same cause ?
 Felons and Newgate ! quotha—What disgrace,
 I'd beg to know, can Jones or Cobbett feel,
 Or squinting Peter, or our Chief himself,
 By being limboed in the self-same jail
 With felons, pickpockets, rogues, traitors, thieves,
 All honest men and true ?—We're equal all.—
 I thought as how that Katterfelto said
 The French fraternal hug should all unite :—
 Equality the order of the day.
 Why if so be as how he *shies* us now,
 Why I and all my *prigs* will quit his side,
 And cater for ourselves.'—With eagle eye
 The Chief beheld his error, and prepar'd
 The oil of eloquence to heal the wound ;
 For rather had he lost (if choice there were)
 The honestest of all his band than Soames.
 But full of deadly wrath WAT TYLER rose,
 '*You talk of Rule and Power—yet their chief stay*
 Is Law, accursed Law !—Now raise the cry

* Alluding to the form of the President's chair.

Of a *la lanterne*—d—me ! but I think
 Sir V—'s head upon a lamp-post plac'd,
 Would be a glorious sight, and purge the nation ;
 For d—me ! whensoe'er I see his face
 I sudden feel a *call*—it gives a *turn*.—
 HUNT down the lawyers—I say, HUNT them down !"
 " Now bellow'd Parson Philomel aloud,
 ' To order ! order ! '—what a stupid ass,
 The bag to open and let out the cat
 Before the time appointed———"

The Translator would apologize for the indelicacy of Wat Tyler's speech ; but in the first place he did not consider himself at liberty to alter the original, well knowing that his Uncle *painted from the life*. Besides, it was of material consequence, inasmuch as it developed the *bloody intentions* of the conspirators, who undoubtedly intended to *re-act* all the horrors of the French Revolution. The vulgarity of the speech is perfectly in character with the illiterate and vulgar speaker. The Translator has heard his Uncle declare that WAT was a great advocate for the Liberty of the Press—which God preserve in future from the contaminating touch of such miscreants.

" But now attention claim'd the City 'Squire,
 And thus began ; ' No man on earth could fill,
 With such propriety, th' infernal chair
 As thou, great Katterfelto, who wert form'd
 To lead Sedition's bands, and overthrow
 The fabric proud of Britain's boasted greatness.
 For who, like thee, hath every outward show
 Of every virtue that adorns a man,
 The *tender father*, and the *faithful spouse*,
 While inward lies the Patriot's daring soul ;

The lofty energies which nobly spurn
 The trammels base which vulgar minds confine;
 And bravely bursting through the barriers frail,
 By foolish virtue and decorum rais'd
 The patriot's free-born spirit to confine;
 Like that same wall which fabled legends say
 The silly Gothamites erected once,
 To enage the tuneful harbinger of spring.

“ ‘ How hast thou cheer'd us with repeated hope,
 When Cold-bath Fields and Aris was the song?
 Flogging and fetters how hast thou decried!
 Why then should burn *my brother* Soames's rage,
 Since who so much the friend of thieves as thou?
 Didst thou not spurn the honours of a name
 (Unspotted till thou bear'dst it)? Didst not thou
 Sully the honours of thy *bloody hand*,*
 And condescending dip it in the scum
 Of Nature's cauldron, which thou bad'st to boil,
 And kindly blew the flame until the dregs
 Rose to the surface and o'ertopp'd the brim.
 D'Orleans Egalité, the Gallic Prince,
 Thy great example, scarcely thee excell'd;
 The same the means pursu'd—the *same thy end*. ”

Was the 'Squire here *prophetical*, or did he intend it as
 a sly insinuation that Katterfelto's ambition pointed to the
same goal as that of the unhappy Prince.

“ The city orator here clos'd his speech,
 When Caleb Baldwin, starting on his legs,
 Clench'd his two ponderous fists, and thus began :

* A well known honourable bearing.

‘ *Mill* me, and *double mill* me, till my blinks
No longer sees the *Miller*—but I likes
His worship’s speech no better than Bill Soames’;
Now if so be he means to be our *swell*,
Why *shy* the *prigs*?—why this *palaver* all
Of felons, Newgate, and disgrace, and such like;
Of boiling pots, and filth, and scum, and dregs?
What grow you dainty?—If so be as how
He means to be a gentleman again,
Blackguards, d’ye see, must seek a better man.
D—me! the *Dunghill* means to ape old NOLL,
And pull down kings to be a king himself.’

“ Upstarted C——, and his meteor face
Illumin’d far the cave.—Staggering he stood—
The City’Squire and W——le gave support,
And on his legs sustain’d the reeling wight.

“ ‘ I would address the Chairman, if I knew
On which my eye should rest [*hickup*]
—for *two* appear,
And one must be a cheat [*hickup*]
—for well I know
(Though drunk) he can’t at once be here and there :
Or is it Katterfelto [*hickup*] and the devil?
Or man or devil then—I must demur ;—
A window in a patriot’s breast ! I know
Of but one case in point [*hickup*]
—one case—and that
—And that [*hickup*] should never form a pre—ce—dent
Friend W—dle here had one which close was block’d,
As ever window was in days of Pitt,
(Who windows tax’d—and *brandy*, staff of life.)
But Mistress ———, you know a b—— b——*,
Pull’d down the shutters [*hickup*] and let in the day,
And shew’d the prying world *what patriots were*.

* We think the C——r might have been a little more delicate
when speaking of a fair Lady.

Fortune forbid that such a thing should be.
 What! art thou mad?—wouldst to the world expose
 A gem so pure as Katterfelto's heart?
 Or to the exciseman's peeping eye betray
 The hot *distillery* of C——'s breast"
 More said the O. P. lawyer—indistinct
 With eructations mixed—and mutter'd deep,
 It sounded like a cannon in a vault."

"Now P—— rose and thrice he stroked his chin
 And thrice he graceful hem'd—to clear his throat,
 That tuneful pipe which lately pour'd a stream
 Of flowing eloquence through all the court
 Of Banco Regis—law and logick chopping,
 Which made grave judges smile and lawyers stare;
 ——“ Hem, Mr. Chairman, Sir, I humbly beg
 To offer this assembly my assistance,
 To say that *all the talents* (d——n that phraze,
 How came it in my mouth) that is, the means
 Which I possess are humbly at their service,
 The columns of the —— are theirs,
 Save those devoted to my master's use,
 (A thousand blessings on his *iron crown*!
 And eke his *crowns of silver*!) and a space
 (Small things take little room) to hold my wit,
 To crack a clumsy joke, insert a lie,
 To dim the lustre of the British arms,
 Bring down the pride of Wellington—as I
 In humble duty shall be ever bound
 To my august employer, who beholds
 Great Katterfelto with an eye of favour,
 And will support his cause till Britain lie,
 Shorn of her beams of glory, in the dust;
 And till the consummation of our hope,
 Our dearest hope, no patriot shall support

With warmer zeal the cause of *Reb*—a hem !
Your pardon Sirs—*Reform* I should have said.

Lord Midas next arose and thus began,
“ Vain are our hopes to overturn the state
And low’r her pride while wealth—unbounded wealth
Her coffer fills—’Tis wealth, alas, which forms
The adamant base on which is raised
The pyramid stupendous of her credit :
So firm is fixed this country’s confidence,
That flimsy paper takes the place of gold.
Five times around this orbit rolled this earth,
Since first I gave the world my prophecy
And vainly hoped (as sometimes is the case)
Its own fulfillment it might bring to pass ;
But, like the Trojan maid alas my Fate,
All heard and smiled, but none my words believed,
“ *That Britain’s paper toy which soar’d so high
Was falling fast*” though yet I saw it stand
And proudly breast the gale.—In wrath I rose
And would have cut the line—but that my arm,
Arrested in its course, fell nerveless down.—
Such was my effort and the bold attempt
Should place the Patriot wreath upon my brow.”
Th’ hereditary *Guardian of the state*
Resumed his seat amid the motley crew ;
When ***** rose to speak, and thus began :—
‘ Well hast thou argu’d that a nation’s credit
Is the chief sinew of her civil strength ;
But its importance not to us alone
Is known—a fact self-evident to all—
Can you then hope by fraud or force t’ inflict
A wound upon a part at all times guarded ?
But if the nation’s greatness wakes your spleen,

I spy a breach unguarded in her walls
Where ye may enter, nor need fear a wound.

‘ The CHURCH, a mighty pillar of the state,
Is with the fabric so identified,
That pull down one the other falls of course;
But likewise so well guarded, that attack
In open violence must surely fail;
Then slow and secret, silent be our march,
And the proud building falls in ruin down.
What is the Church? Why, not, my friends, the *same*
Of gross materials—but a rule of faith
By law establish’d, and ordain’d to form
A part integral of the State itself.
And when the bulk of Britain’s population
A different faith professes, what is then
This boasted column? But a hollow trunk—
A rotten tree, that crumbles at the touch.
Make then the virtues of an idiot world
The tools by which to sap its seated base.
The pious fools would educate the poor
T’insure them heaven—seize th’ advantage ground,
Put on the face of whining charity,
Establish schools, and boldly take the lead;
The rising generation is our own,
For, ‘ *as the twig is bent the tree inclines*’—
The creed establish’d teach them to despise,
And give them none instead.—Religion then,
The bane of all our hope, shall take no root,
And leave the mind to *Reason* and its strength.

‘ ’Tis education,* friends, that forms the man,
Once in our hands, we mould the ductile way
To suit our purpose.—Let them be inur’d

* Vide L——’s System of Education.

To punishment disgraceful and severe.
 With wooden collars, fetters, clogs, and chains,
 Make them familiar, so that when matur'd
 They feel the noble energies of man;
 Shame will have lost its sting—those bugbears gaol,
 Fetters, and pillory, will fright no more:
 The man of straw and rags who guards the grain,
 At first the terror of the feather'd race,
 Until familiar with his threat'ning look;
 Tom-tits and sparrows perch upon his gun,
 Or in derision oft defile his head.

' Loos'd from the bonds of conscience and religion,
 Which none but slaves would wear, then comes the
 reign

Of *Anarchy*, and we may hope to hail
 The fall of Rule and Power.—But you will ask,
 If it be wise, ourselves being passengers,
 To hurl the coachman from his seat, and throw
 The loosen'd reins on th' unruly steeds?

I answer, Yes—'tis *overturn* we seek,
 Our purpose desperate, desperate be the means,
 Though some may suffer in the general crash
 Some will survive to share the plunder'd wreck."

"He ceas'd, when burst a thunder of applause,
 Wild as the savage joy the ring resounds,
 When the fierce bull-dog pins the lordly bull
 Immovable to earth—or Crib or Molyneux,
 With bloody fist and savage skill implants
 A well-aim'd stroke on human face divine,
 And mars the work of God—or like——"

But my Uncle is again at his old failing. I shall, therefore, Mr. Satirist, close his poem for the present.

I am your's, &c.

OWEN AP HOEL.

AN OVER-HEATED TROTTER.

MR. SATIRIST,

I BELIEVE the comet is now taking its leave of us, and, however I may have admired the brightness of its train, to tell you a secret which I care not who knows, I am not sorry it is going. This assertion, as it may shock some of its admirers, I think myself bound to justify. In order to effect this, it is incumbent upon me to describe its effects, or at least to give some account of what I conceive them to be; though perhaps, after all my toils, but little attention will be paid to what I advance, as Mr. Fitzgerald, with wonderful sagacity, has discovered in the course of a very laborious enquiry, that

“ It comes from God, and therefore *must be good.*”

However I might rejoice in the great ability displayed by Mr. Capel Loft, and other equally acute philosophers, in *forming conjectures*, and however I might be gratified by the great accuracy of their surveys, which enabled them to measure its tail to such an *astonishing nicety*, that several of their calculations exactly tallied (within about ten millions of miles) with each other, still I could not help feeling annoyed by its presence, as I in some measure participated in the general alarm which it caused. I am nevertheless, be it observed, by no means of a timid disposition. My countenance remained unchanged, notwithstanding the end of the world was said to be at hand; but I confess that though I was able to face the general calamity with tolerable

serenity, there were considerations which sensibly affected me. I could calmly contemplate the destruction of the universe, but it distracted me to think that probably through the heat, that patriotic begger, the "*column-wielding*" hero of the Statesman, would run mad, and bite his fellow-convicts in Newgate. I did not care about the world being turned into glass, but I shuddered lest the comet should singe the mustachios of the Baron de Geramb.

I wander from my subject.—The actual effects of the comet are to be the subject of this letter. That it heated the atmosphere in an uncommon degree, you certainly are aware, and that hence men's blood became unusually hot, it is almost unnecessary for me to state.

The melancholy consequences resulting from this have been fatally developed to me, not only by *my own marriage*, but by the extravagant conduct of those around me. My limits I find will not allow me to go into a detail of all I have witnessed. I will not therefore give in my present letter an account of the frenzy of Sir F. Burdett, Mr. Cobbett, Peter Finnerty, and Mr. *Gaol Jones*; nor will I say any thing of that which has manifested itself among the admirers of *Miss Long*—of all which the comet is certainly the cause. I will not give you the mad antics of a drunken reforming parson, at the Crown and Anchor, nor is it my intention to dwell on the melancholy circumstance of its spiriting up Messrs. Grosett, Clarke, and T. Dibdin, to write "*The Benighted Travellers*," "*The Kiss*," and "*Up to Town*;" neither will I give the affecting indisposition of the Managers who were so insane as to accept those pieces. The distressing madness which befel the author of "*M. P.*" when he displayed his vanity, while attempting to gain a reputation for modesty, by putting a silly letter in the papers, speaking lightly of his own performance, and the deplorable state in which Mr. Samuel

Arnold must have been, when he frantically answered the above-mentioned letter, to tell the public that he should feel it inconsistent with his duty to bring forward any thing that he might think of a trifling and frivolous nature; thereby giving the town, under his own hand, a solemn assurance that he verily believed "The Maniac," "The Americans," &c. &c. to be productions of infinite merit, I shall also, in kindness to those gentlemen, suppress. I intend, moreover, to be entirely silent on the malady of Lord King.

In forbearing even to glance at all, and every one of these, you will, perhaps, be at first inclined to think that I overshoot the mark, and destroy the basis of my own argument. I trust however that one single case, distinct from all I have mentioned, will be quite sufficient to induce you to mourn with me, that ever the comet had the condescension to pay us a visit.

The case I allude to is that of a young man, who just coming into the world, has been unhappily so much heated through the near approach of the comet to our globe, that he has been guilty of numerous absurdities, each of which in ordinary cases would qualify a man to take his degrees in Bedlam. His disconsolate friends, while mourning this heavy calamity, can only say, "God's will be done." This truly shocking and singularly lamentable case is—pull out your handkerchief, Mr. Satirist, and you my gentle readers, lest your tears burst out on your muffin, or overflow your tea cup—the case is—I am afraid I have not given you sufficient notice—the case is that of Mr. TROTTER.

Mr. Trotter is a gentleman who, at the close of Mr. Fox's life, became that great statesman's private secretary. From his having an opportunity of seeing Mr. Fox very frequently, he naturally felt himself a very extraordinary

personage. This feeling continued to increase till the dissolution of his patron took place, by which time there is no doubt but Mr. TROTTER really became (*in his own estimation*) a man of *vast importance*. That he had thus obtained something like value, all the world must confess. Even inanimates, when used by great men, become valuable, as curiosities. The ink-stand of Dr. Johnson was sold some years ago at a great price ; and I think I may state, without fear of contradiction, that could the handle of one of the chamber utensils of Shakspear, be now found, it would, at the very least, be worth *a thousand pounds*.

Mr. Trotter is really in himself a great *natural* curiosity : As such there is no doubt but he will one day be *properly valued*. The period may be distant, but it will arrive. Mr. Trotter had therefore no occasion to exert himself, to make his name so famed in story, as without his taking that trouble, there was every reason to believe that he would be remembered, as a retainer of Mr. Fox, long after the name of Dr. Johnson's mangy dog had been lost in oblivion.

The heat of the comet, however, unfortunately had such an effect on this ill-fated young man, that he could not patiently wait till Providence, in the fulness of time, should bestow on him that distinction to which he was entitled. Inflamed by the influence of its inauspicious fires, he has madly attempted to anticipate destiny, and bring himself into notice before his time. He has done this by writing a book, purporting to be a sort of history of the latter part of the life of Mr. Fox. This performance the *comet-struck* secretary has executed in such a manner, that it is impossible not to suppose that Shakspeare had some such work in his "*mind's eye*," when he made a character in one of his plays to exclaim, "O that my enemy would write a book !"

As I do not pretend to be a critic, Mr. Satirist, it might

not seem becoming in me to give a formal review of Mr. Trotter's writings; but with your permission, I will offer a few observations on certain points of his book, for the purpose which I avowed at the commencement of my letter, couched, however, in the gentlest terms possible, and treating the lunatic with the greatest humanity.

In this book Mr. Trotter, though professedly writing the history of Mr. Fox, finds frequent opportunities to speak of *himself*. This at first has a very pleasant effect, as the admirers of Mr. Fox very naturally feel anxious to be introduced to all his secretaries, clerks, and lacqueys, just the same as a reader of Mr. Boswell's *Short Sketch of Dr. Johnson's life*, glows with unaccountable eagerness, to be treated with a few anecdotes of Black Franck. It is probable some of the maniac's friends expressed themselves very much delighted with this, for as the work advances, he gives very largely in to it, doubtless with a view of affording superior gratification, till at length the reader is led to suppose that Mr. Fox was in fact Mr. Trotter's secretary, rather than that Mr. Trotter was the secretary of Mr. Fox. He seems to feel all his own dignity, and he admirably acts up to the character he has given himself. He stalks before us with great pomp and solemnity, through chapter after chapter, and, where Mr. Fox is scarcely mentioned, we are informed with great minuteness, and doubtless with accuracy equally great, of what Mr. Trotter did: of the good things which he uttered; of what he conceived; and of what he supposed.

A remarkable instance of derangement occurs, where he has occasion to speak of the attention paid to Mr. Fox on his coming into office. Mr. Fox's value, he tells us, was then known to those who had never thought him a great man before. He next proceeds to inform us, there were those who looked upon *him* (Mr. Trotter) as a person of

consequence, who thought nothing of him before, and who now care nothing whether or not he is still in existence. From the manner in which he speaks it is obvious that he is surprised that these people should not have discovered that he (Mr. Trotter) was a *great man*, even before Mr. Fox came into power; and it seems to prey on his feelings, that these persons having once discovered his value, should afterwards look on him with contempt, when Mr. Fox was no more—if they vouchsafed to look at him at all. It really appears, and in the bitterness of his heart the lunatic almost says as much, that they took notice of him on account of Mr. Fox, and that that was merely a compliment to his patron, which he considered as a tribute of respectful homage due to his own extraordinary merit. They paid their respects to Mr. Fox by saluting Mr. Trotter, just as certain dapper gentlemen insinuate themselves into the favour of an old dowager, by stroking her tabby; and now those persons care no more whether or not Mr. Trotter is in existence, than the gentlemen I have mentioned do, after the decease of the dowager, whether or not her cat has been hanged.

The unhappy gentleman's *mania* rises to a dreadful height, when he comes to speak of his own feelings while contemplating the expected dissolution of Mr. Fox. If that event took place, the whole world to him became but a gloomy void. A very handsome salary, invitations to dinner from lords and ladies, the pleasures of office, and the homage of admiring courts, all these he might have, but what were these if Mr. Fox ceased to live? Poor man!—Here it is obvious he was not aware of the difference between Mr. Fox and himself. In the course of his studies, perhaps, he had met with the old saying of “Like master, like man,” and hence thought that all Mr. Fox might expect to enjoy, would of course come within the grasp of his secretary. But all these were *nothing*, if Mr. Fox

ceased to live.—Alas! in this feeling there was a something *prophetically true*. They *were nothing* when Mr. Fox ceased to live. Neither the attentions of the great, nor the admiration of the court, consoled the disconsolate Trotter for the loss of his patron. Month after month rolled on, without bringing any solace to his aching heart. Even the appointment of a Regent, while it filled with joy the hearts of almost all the friends of the late Mr. Fox, could impart no comfort to the weeping secretary. A change of ministers, though it regenerated the country, would have yielded no comfort to him, *since Mr. Fox had ceased to live*, as *none* of his survivors *knew* “the author’s” merit. Thus overwhelmed with anguish, after divers extravagant antics, which I will not describe to wound the feelings of his friends, he gave himself up to despair, and remained benumbed by its icy touch, till that period when, melancholy to relate, he was roused by the comet to dance, as it were, stark naked before the world, or yet worse—to write *a book*.

The most affecting proofs of his madness yet remain to be described. The same frenzy which led the deluded young man to imagine that he was capable of writing an history, induced him to believe that he had judgment in physic. Under this impression the *maniac* has actually headed one of his chapters in the following manner:—
“Determination to try Digitalis.—The Author’s Forebodings.—Conduct of the Physicians.—The Author’s Solitude.—His Reluctance to administer strong Remedies.—Its alarming Effects, &c.”

From this it must be seen, that in his derangement he has been satisfied, not only that he was well skilled in physic, but that he was a proper person to preside over the *heads of the College of Physicians*. Not only does he give us *his opinion* of the medicine, but he takes upon himself to

sit in judgment on the doctors. His solemn forebodings, and affecting solicitude, are diverting enough, but they indubitably prove the disordered state of his mind. After these he gives an account of the manner in which the *digitalis* was administered, and his opinions on the impropriety of it, which he shews to have been wonderfully correct. Its alarming effects follow, and at length he proves (to his own satisfaction), that the *digitalis* HASTENED the death of Mr. Fox. This in his delirium he thought he might say with safety, as at worst it appeared to him, that it was only *trying on the Forglove*.

As it was not generally known that Mr. Trotter was insane, the Physicians thought it necessary to reply to his book, by proving that the *digitalis* had never been given to Mr. Fox; and hence they, with some shew of reason, infer that it could not have been the cause of his death. To this the madman promptly replies, that since it appears Mr. Fox was *not killed* by the *digitalis*, he has a right to ask why it was *not given*? It seems to him that it was withheld merely for the purpose of injuring his book; and in his frenzy he asserts, that Mr. Fox's death was accelerated by their *neglecting to administer that medicine*.

After this it is unnecessary for me to say any thing on the hopeless state of this young man. I cannot however help condemning Sir Henry Halford, as a monster of ingratitude, for being so severe on the lunatic: Mr. Trotter, as he himself *very handsomely* tells the baronet, having formerly spoken a good word for him to Lord and Lady Holland! They, he informs the Doctor, proposed to him (Mr. Trotter) to introduce Mr. Allen as one of the attendant physicians in the last stage of Mr. Fox's indisposition. He (Mr. Trotter) however would not allow this, lest Dr. Allen should cure his patron, and thus throw discredit on Sir Henry; or else make him worse, while Sir Henry bore the

blame. Whether Mr. Fox recovered or died seems to have been, in the view of the lunatic, of little consequence: obloquy must fall on Sir Henry; Dr. Allen must escape. After this piece of maniac friendship, the Bedlamite may certainly complain, with as much reason as modesty, of Sir Henry's fastening on the "*venial*" error of the *digitalis* to "spread a *little spot*" into a "*broad cloud*," "to intercept and extinguish the GLORIOUS LIGHT OF TRUTH." By the *glorious light*, Mr. Trotter means *his own book!!!*—After this, Mr. Satirist, I think you will join with me in deploring the effects of the comet. Perhaps you will lament that since it came so near as to scorch Mr. Trotter, it did not approach near enough to consume his book. For my own part, I do not wish Mr. Trotter to be treated with unnecessary severity; but for the sake of humanity, I hope he will be confined to a dark room, in a strait jacket, that he may be restrained from shocking his fellow creatures by writing again.

I am, Mr. Satirist,

Your's, &c. &c.

QUIZ BOBIUS.

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**REPORT OF THE POLICE GENERAL**  
OF THE  
FRENCH EMPIRE  
TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE DUKE OF ROVIGO.\*

SIR,

IMMEDIATELY on receiving the orders of your Excellency, concerning those horrible and atrocious placards,

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\* Vide L'Ambigu!



with which, for some weeks past, the populous streets of Paris have been infested (yes, Sir, infested, for with surprising activity and address, the perpetrators have to this day escaped detection, although flambeaux of straw have been placed on the walls to attract the attention to the execrable papers affixed), I repaired, animated with a new and lively zeal, to the spot assigned me. Having placed myself, before the break of day, at an angular point, from which I could see down several streets, and fixing a basket of cakes before me, to disguise my motive, I occupied myself till the dawn in profound reflection on the importance of my mission and the necessity of its success, to insure which I endeavoured to recollect every artifice I had seen practised during my service. And now the first rays of light began to show distinctly the scene of rebellion I was destined to develope; on every side the walls were covered with imprecations against the Emperor. It was a cruel task to be obliged to commit a description of these infamous scrawls to paper, which appeared to receive it with regret; I cannot repeat it here—my pen refuses the office: for all, except the most insensible beings, revolt at every thing that outrages or menaces our august Emperor. I remained a long time observing every one who passed, but found nobody to whom suspicion could attach; none but workmen of all descriptions passed, who pursued their way without even noticing the inflammatory words written on the walls, and I became weary of the dull sameness of my situation, which gave no promise of discovery, when I saw a woman enter one of the streets, apparently very large in the family way, who leant with one hand on a large stick, and with the other on the shoulder of a child about twelve years of age. At first I had not the slightest suspicion, but seeing the woman frequently stop against the wall, and observing the child climbing about her in a manner I



could not comprehend, I changed my post to observe more closely, and soon discovered the following manœuvre. The woman had fastened to her waist a small stool which gave her the large appearance I have described; whenever she stopped she pretended to lean against the wall, while the child fixed to the seat of the stool a stick, by taking hold of which, he was able to climb high enough to stick the printed placards on the walls; this done, he slid to the ground between the woman and the wall, and unfastened the stick from the stool, which was returned to its former place. I hesitated not, but darting from the corner from whence I had witnessed these proceedings, sprung upon the woman and seized her by her cloaths, which to my utter amazement I found remained in my hand, whilst I beheld the occupier escaping with extraordinary swiftness, dressed in a white jacket and pantaloons. Recovering from my surprize, I seized the child, whom I discovered to be blind; after using all possible means to force him into a confession of all the circumstances attending the extraordinary scene I had witnessed, I found that the state of imbecility in which nature had placed him, at the same time that it made him a fit instrument for the purpose in which he had been employed, had also kept him in complete ignorance of the circumstances attending it. Not wishing to be rigorous, unless compelled by necessity, I relinquished the idea of further persecuting this unfortunate child, and have placed him in the Hospital of Pity to wait the orders of your Excellency. I inclose you the execrable placard which I tore myself from the wall, upon which there were, at that moment, three other copies.

**“WEEP PARISIANS!**

“This child for whom your enthusiasm has been excited, who has been represented as the being who is to insure you repose, who was created king before he saw the light,



and to whom the sceptre of the universe is promised; this child has shed tears, and cried ever since he was born. Alas! if he possesses the insensible heart of his father, if he resembles that man whom nothing touches, if he only belongs to humanity but during the rapid period of infancy! Weep Parisians! Ah! what motive can excite your joy or your hopes? Is it those *fêtes* in which is displayed the splendor of a throne raised on the ruins of your independence and prosperity; those *fêtes* which last many days, but which are succeeded by a length of misery and incurable suffering. At the moment when your pleasure only seems the object, your words and actions are watched, for you are constantly surrounded by spies. Your children are intended for war; and soon, too soon, will a fresh sacrifice of human victims be demanded of you; and their pitiable cries will follow the songs of joy and triumph with which the palaces and walks of the capital have lately resounded.

Weep, Parisians! yes, weep. Will the birth of this child render your tyrant less implacable? Will it soften that heart which has never betrayed any other emotion than hate and contempt? Will it impede the progress of that ambition of which the French nation are the mournful instruments? No! this event will only augment your miseries, because it increases his ambition. While he imagined the kingdoms he has possessed himself of would only descend indirectly, he perhaps penetrated less into the future, and dreamt more on present enjoyment; but now that he can pride himself on this young sapling, he will turn the world upside down, to realize and transmit to his son an empire which will only be bounded by the universe, and composed of all those nations he has, and will still, disgrace and subjugate. War! war! is now, more than ever, his rallying exclamation. Of what conse-



quence is it to him, that the arms and resources of France are destroyed by these undeterminable conflicts, raised and recruited as they are, without ceasing, to satisfy his insatiable rage against human nature, and against all social institutions? Should not France partake the fate of other countries? Should she not be confounded with all slavish people, under one common denomination? In short, should she not be regarded in the sight, and politics of Napoleon, but as the instrument of his grandeur? Lost herself in disgrace and misery, the remembrance of what she was, when she not only gave him power, but also the means of preserving it, is almost annihilated.

Weep, Parisians! France exists no more; there is no longer a French nation. Those Frenchmen who fall in battle are but so many victims of the tyrant's pleasure; those who survive are but so many unfortunate witnesses of his former obscurity, and of his first elevation, whom he would wish to sweep from the face of the earth; for their recollection of him mortifies his self-love, and their services disquiet his ambition. Do you believe that he will bring up his son with other sentiments than those he possesses, and with which he has been inspired ever since he became invested with supreme power? Do you believe he will instruct him to rule by gentleness, clemency and justice, when all his conduct proves that he regards terror as the only foundation of obedience, and as the most effectual arm of authority; when he has pursued the most obscure individual with his implacable vengeance; and when all his acts have invariably been marked with oppression and injustice? Will he say to his son, " 'Twas amidst the revolutionary horrors of France that I commenced my career; and it was by slaying the Parisians that I drew myself from obscurity, and merited the command of an army! Since that period the French have done every thing for



me—for me, who have always been their merciless executioner: they imagined, that as I had acquired some military glory, I should not tarnish it, by imitating the monsters I had succeeded; but I egregiously deceived them; for I was as hardened in iniquity, as if I had grown old in sin; and had long spread over this unfortunate nation desolation, shame, and misery. 'Tis for you, my child, to heal the wounds I have given her, and to recompense her in happiness for the power of glory with which she endowed your father!" Will the tyrant speak thus to his son? Will he educate him in such principles? No; such conduct would be the fruit of repentance, the sentiments of a great soul: they will never be those of Napoleon. He will form his son for despotism; he will accustom him to reckon as nothing the lives of men; he will tell him that pity is unworthy the heart of a king; and, to prove to him that every thing may be dared by exercising unbounded power, he will relate to him his usurpation, and your tolerance; his tyranny, and your disgrace.—Weep, Parisians!!!

BY A FRENCHMAN,  
*Enemy of the Corsican Tyrant.*

*The humble Petition of an Inspector of Police, for the Situation of principal Agent for Tortures, to the Police-General.*

Such, Sir, is the atrocious placard I had the good fortune to snatch from the eyes of the multitude, always eager to peruse that which accuses their governors. If, in this circumstance, I have given proof of discernment and activity; if, in the account I gave of my conduct previous to my seizing this placard, I have proved myself (as I dare



believe) superior to the generality of inspectors; dare I solicit of your Excellency the high office of Director of the *Torture Proof*, &c. &c. &c. vacant by the departure of de ———, for Madrid. Believe, me, Sir, you cannot admit near your person an individual more deeply penetrated with a sense of your exalted qualities, and the eminent talents displayed by your Excellency in the honourable and important office confided to you. Sir, I am desirous of active employment, and flatter myself I shall obtain it under your command. Already every branch of the police is re-animated, as you hold the reins: a fatal torpor had arisen during the time of your predecessor, which began to freeze the imagination of the chiefs, and paralyse the resources of the inferiors. The gaols threatened to give up their prisoners, and refused to receive others; the instruments of torture, those powerful preservers of good order, were inactive; but, when your Excellency appeared, all was regenerated; and, were I not fearful of offending your modesty, I should add, that you had brought the art of torture to its acme, by inventions worthy of your genius. Pardon, then, Sir, my ambition in soliciting to second and aid, by every means in my power, your vast and profound ideas. I am destitute of pity; never have I shed a tear, never heaved a sigh: on the contrary, when I behold the human race yield to such weakness, I am indignant, and my fury blazes with fresh vigour; which surely is a desirable quality for the office I wish to fill. Neither, Sir, have I ever loved; my heart is only susceptible of admiration such as I experience for you, which is, I swear, the most lively and sincere. Not deeming it right that I should obtain the post I so much desire, without giving proof of what I am capable, I entreat your Excellency will permit me to convince you that, through my whole life, I have never been guilty of com-



miseration; and allow me likewise to shew, by some preliminary proofs, that I possess great, and certain execution. I can relate my life in few words, for it consists but of few events. Before the revolution, I was what is commonly called *rat-de-cave*, and the terror of all those who were the object of my search. At the commencement of the revolution, I mixed in all societies where I could possibly obtain admission, with a view of provoking them to commit every kind of excess, and then denouncing them. I have been twice a member of the revolutionary tribunal, and proved myself destitute of humanity, by condemning every one of every party who was brought before me.

Since the re-establishment of monarchy by the great Napoleon, I have been successively employed against all the factions which his Majesty has crushed. I was register to the tribunal which condemned Arena and his accomplices to death. I was usher to the commission which sat at Vincennes. I saw Wright and Pichegru expire. I animated the mob when Georges was executed. And, lastly, I gave some valuable hints for the improvement of the torture, for which I received a complimentary letter from the Directory of the Mechanism of the Torture.

I have now only to request that, previous to my admission, your Excellency will allow me to perform before you; and I pledge myself, that whatever may be the sex, or age, of the sufferers, I shall so acquit myself, as to obtain that which will be my greatest pride—your entire approbation.

(Signed)

CAMBEROUSSE,

*Inspector of Police.*



*Report in consequence of the President's Order.*

We have scrupulously examined the *Sieur Camberousse*, and have employed him in the application of various tortures to several individuals of different sexes and different ages. We have found him firm in every thing that relates to the torture by stretching, by burning, and by pressure; he possesses a firm hand, a dry eye, and a cold heart. When employed on those of his own sex, he proceeded without emotion and with such unceasing perseverance, as merited all our praise; but we thought there was a little relaxation, a little indecision of movement, when he had to repeat the same tortures to women and children; but this trifling feeling will soon be extinguished by practice, and he certainly promises fair to make some essential progress in the burning torture, from the excellent manner in which he takes advantage of the degrees of injury he inflicts, to increase or diminish according as he gains the desired effect. He has likewise found the means of producing great effect from anointing the limbs with oil, which, when they are obliged to proceed to the greatest extremity, prevents the calcination of the bones. This discovery is the more valuable as it will prevent the marks of the torture, which otherwise would remain, when, as in many cases, the sufferers are exposed to public view, and frequently interest a party in their favour.

We are really of opinion that the petitioner possesses all those requisites which render him worthy to fill the important office to which he aspires.

(Signed)

**PATRICE.**

Approved and signed, **DUKE OF ROVIGO!**



## MR. BAYES AT COVENT GARDEN;

OR,

## A MELO-DRAME REHEARSED.

SCENE—the Stage of a Theatre.

*Enter* BAYES, MR. O. P., and MR. P. S.

*Mr. O. P.* Well, Sir, better late than never; and, truth to say, I began to think that the treat you had promised me, was one which it was not my destiny to enjoy.

*Bayes.* Why egad, gentlemen, I must needs confess that I owe a thousand apologies to both of you: but, at the same time, I must be allowed to say, that I am less to blame than you may imagine. When I promised that you should be present at the first complete rehearsal of my melo-drame, I had every reason to believe I should be able to gratify you in the course of a week. A variety of occurrences have compelled me to put you off from time to time. Of these I will now give you some explanation, that you may not think I am a man who easily forgets his promises.

*Mr. P. S.* To be frank, Sir, we always believed that you remembered your promises, we only doubted whether or not it was your intention to perform.

*Bayes.* I can assure you then that it was my intention to perform, but unfortunately the *performance* was necessarily postponed in consequence of the indisposition of a *Great Performer*. You must know, Gentleman, that my piece is intended to introduce a new actor of *uncommon parts*.



*Mr. O. P.* Indeed?

*Bayes.* Not to keep you in suspense by making a multitude of words, one of the principal characters of the Melo Drame is—an Elephant.

*Mr. O. P.* An Elephant!

*Bayes.* No less a personage I assure you; now gentlemen, at the time I asked you to attend the rehearsal, the Elephant was so nearly perfect in his part, that we had no idea it would be necessary to allow him the indulgence of a book, and it was even expected that he would be able to go through his part without being assisted by the prompter. Every thing was thus in a very fair way, when *Mrs. Kickup*, who rode the horse last year——

*Mr. P. S.* And who sports the best ancle in the theatre.——

*Bayes.* The same,—This lady who values herself on nothing so much as on her delicacy, and *unquestionable character*, publicly declared in the Green Room, that as the Elephant happened unfortunately to be a male, she did not see how it was possible for a lady of her reputation to appear in the same piece, unless the animal, for the sake of decency, was supplied with a pair of *inexpressibles*.

*Mr. O. P.* This was rather an unfortunate scruple.

*Bayes.* Oh, shocking!—It was in vain that we remonstrated with her on the subject. To all we could urge, she replied that she had seen Monkeys so attired, and that if clothes were desirable for them, it was quite necessary that the Elephant should be decently breeched. You are aware that *Mrs. Kickup* is here in a great measure Stage Manager, and consequently we were obliged to comply with her wishes.—A pair of leather small clothes, were bespoke, but these, when brought home, we could find no way to put on. The Elephant was obliged to go through a new course of training before it was possible to dress him, and



when at length this was accomplished, it was found that he had forgot all that he had been taught before.

Mr. O. P. He had forgot his part?

Bayes. He had lost every line but one, which one was that by which his attendants are to lead him on the stage.

Mr. P. S. Pray, Sir, what is the plot of your piece, and what is it to be called?

Bayes. The title I think will prove tolerably attractive; it is one that will draw people from all parts of the country. Those who live in places the most remote, will, I am persuaded, come in their coaches. It is called "The Elephant and Castle."

Mr. O. P. The title may be attractive, but are you quite certain that it is new to the Stage.

Bayes. Oh, it's as new to the Stage as Mr. Clarke's new comedy. The title comes peculiarly recommended to me, as it flashed on my mind almost like inspiration from Heaven, while walking in the Kent Road, within a stone's-throw of "The House of God!"

Mr. P. S. Indeed!—That hallowed spot must be dear to you for the remainder of your life. So dear, that I should hardly wonder if it often caused you and your friends the Managers, again to direct your steps towards the same place. I say, I should not be surprised, (*aside*) if it conducted both you and them to the King's Bench.

Bayes. As to the plot—you'll excuse my now going into it, as if I were to do so, you would lose, by anticipation, a portion of the pleasure which you may expect to enjoy in the progress of the piece. But here come the Managers, John K——, that is King John and Old Toddle.



*Enter* KING JOHN *and* OLD TODDLE.

Good morning, gentlemen. I believe I need not introduce my friends, as you are already acquainted.

*[They salute each other.]*

*Toddle.* What my old friend, O. P. I'm very glad to see you. Well, you've heard, I suppose, of the new performer. I like to give the town variety, so I've taken a candle out of each chandelier, and given them two new private boxes.

*Mr. O. P.* Why certainly, Sir, there's nothing like variety.

*Toddle.* Nothing, nothing. A constant succession of novelties will alone draw. These I am resolved to furnish, be the expense what it may, as in the present scarcity of cash the public are delighted to hear the very name of *change*.

*Mr. O. P.* So here you give them *Exeter Change*.

*Mr. P. S.* But pray, Sir, how is the new actor approved of by his brother performers.

*Toddle.* Pretty well, I believe. The Horses, indeed, seem rather disposed to *kick up*, but I am in hopes we shall succeed in appeasing them.

*Mr. O. P.* And how do the Biped<sup>s</sup> feel on the occasion.

*Toddle.* D—n the Biped<sup>s</sup>.—We can't think of consulting their feelings.

*King John.* They grumble, Sirs, but grumble still they may.

*Toddle.* Yes, they have the impudence to grumble, truly, because in consequence of our other great expenses we have found it necessary to lower their salaries. One of 'em had the impudence to ask if I took him for such an



Ass, as to submit to the proposed regulation, because I was fool enough to engage a Horse or an Elephant.

Mr. P. S. But, Sir, if this plan is persisted in, I should fear you would in time lose all your good actors.

Toddle. That's all stuff.—Where can they go? Answer me that—where can they go? No, no, I know what I'm about. I have now got 'em under my thumb. This is the time for managers to shew their authority.

King John. "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

Mr. O. P. But won't the manager of the other theatre take advantage of your conduct in this respect.

Toddle. Oh, no—he acts on the same principle himself. The fact is we understand one another. He set "Up all Night," with me a little while ago, when I came "Up to Town," and we then agreed upon "The Rejection" of all performers who would not take lower salaries. He has already began to act upon it. M-th-ws is sent off, and L-v-gr-ve is put into all his characters. They don't suit him very well to be sure, but that don't signify,—D—t-n, Miss D——n and Mrs. E——n, are to be sent off in the same way, unless they will come down. The new actors, P-t-n-m and L-w-s, are engaged to do any thing, at half the usual salary. This is a very liberal action of Mr. A—s, as neither of them can do any thing. That, however, is of no consequence. Mr. P. who writhes in tragedy like a fellow being flogged at the cart's tail, and young L-w-s, who vapours about in genteel comedy, in such an *easy elegant* manner, that one would think he had taken a dancing dog for his model, are already in possession of the principal characters. One of them is to take the Irish line, and J-hnst-ne is to be discarded with W—h and M——n, as men live lumber. That very *graceful* and *judicious* actor Mr. W——e, who speaks as if he had a couple of



tongues in his mouth, is to be brought very forward. Generally speaking, however, all the old and experienced hands are to be turned off, and provincials are to supply their places at half price. Times are now so hard, that Managers can't afford what they did formerly. The quarter loaf is now so high, that we must have brown bread shortly;—aye, Sir, and we must have cheap actors as well as cheap bread.

Mr. O. P. But if you are so poor, how is it you can afford to expend such immense sums on quadrupeds?

Toddle. Oh! horses *draw*, you know.

Mr. P. S. I believe, Mr. Toddle, you have already begun to act on this saving plan?

Toddle. To be sure I have. M——n, though an established favourite of many years standing, is sent off. The fellow had the impudence to expect us to pay him his salary while he was laid up with the gout. After this, these vagabond actors will have the presumption to think themselves equal in rank with barber's clerks, and linen-draper's journeymen; and, as such, expect a holiday when they happen to be ill, while their salaries go on the same as if they were in health. M——'s character I have given to F——tt, E——y, and S——s. They, to be sure, had as soon be put in the pillory; but what's that signify? Where can they go?

K. John. When they are gone, then I must count my gains.

Toddle. That's very true. Yes, yes, we don't mean to keep them long. Any thing will do for the town; besides, if they *ride resty*, we'll now not only threaten them with "What d'ye want?" but we'll *run 'em down* with our horses. By next season, I think of concluding an engagement with Mr. M-ll-nson, who played last summer at



the Haymarket. He'll play both F——t's and E——y's parts; aye, and those of T——s and M——n, too, for a quarter of what those unconscionable fellows require. I've sent I——n, B——y, and Mrs. D——s packing; and, as I mean to send off a few more at the end of the season, I have engaged several new performers, to be ready to step into their shoes. In particular, I have engaged Miss F——n, the *infant Catalani*. This young lady has such wonderful powers, that, when she used to sing at Vauxhall, she could be distinctly heard on Clapham common. I intend shortly bringing out a Cataban opera, to give her an opportunity of appearing to advantage, as the general opinion is, she will surpass every thing in the Indian yell. These new ones I mean to keep till they want decent salaries, and then *turn ups* for the whole; as, by that time, a new set will be ready, *open mouthed*, as I may say, for an engagement. It's all stuff, humouring the consequential ideas of these gentry, by treating them with any thing like ceremony, as if they had feelings like other people. Actors are a sort of live stock, that come in droves every year to the London market, *like other cattle*, only they're not so well fed.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* The three gentlemen who called yesterday, to whom you were denied, are below.

*King John.* "Thou troublest me.—Away!—I'm busy."

*Toddle.* Tell 'em they must call again.

*[Exit Servant.]*

These fellows are actors of some celebrity, who want engagements. They must be treated like dogs, to make 'em humble.

*Enter SERVANT.*

What now? D——n; have they the impudence to complain of being put off so often.



*Servant.* No, Sir; but a gentleman is below with a bear, which he wishes to introduce to you.

*Toddle.* Oh! that alters the case. Treat him with as much respect as if *he were a Lord*, and see no indignity be offered to the bear. Shew the gentleman up.

*Exit Servant.*

*Enter TEAGUE, with a Bear.*

*Teague.* An please your honours I'm the bearer of this good looking jontleman, who wants to engage with you as a dancer. I was going to take him to the Pantheon, but I larnt they had bears enough already there; so as I know you like to encourage native talent, I've brought you this *native, nate* as imported from Russia. You know he'll do to play in the Exile, so I'll let him out at two guineas and a half a night.

*Toddle.* A fine bear!

*King John.* Aye, but his keeper for him asks too much.

*Toddle.* Walk him down the stage, and let's see what he can do.

*Teague.* Oh do!—I don't want you to buy my *bear* a *pig* in a *poke*, by borrowing him without seeing his parts.

[*King John walks a minuet with the bear.*]

*Toddle.* Admirable! Pray, friend, won't two guineas a night do for him?

*Teague.* By J——s! I could not lend him to myself for the money.

*King John.* Nay, Sir, but some abatement must be made.

*Teague.* Faith, that same abatement is a *bore*, and if I stand it I'll make a *bull* with my *bear*.

*Mr. Bayes.* Well, friend, but *bulls* and *bears*, you know, often go together.

*Teague.* Sure enough they do, and if I lend him *here*



how do I know what company my bear may get into. How will I be satisfied that his morals won't get corrupted? I can't take a rap less.

*Foddlle.* Well, we won't part about shuch a trifle. You shall have what you ask.

*Teague.* *That's enough.*

*Mr. Bayes.* But when shall we begin the rehearsal?

*Enter CALL BAYES.*

*Bayes.* Every thing is ready, gentlemen. The elephant has breakfasted, and his breeches will be buttoned before the prologue can be spoken.

*Toddle.* Then run to Polito's, and ask if Mr. Cockadoodle Coates is ready to rehearse the prologue.

*[Exit Bayes.]*

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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FAMILY CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS HOUSE OF BUONAPARTE.

Letter from LOUIS BUONAPARTE to his brother-in-law MURAT.

I am ignorant whether I am guilty of imprudence, whether I am confiding in a friend or an enemy; but the excess of my sufferings, and the indescribable terror I experience, cannot be augmented, whatever may be the result of the step I have taken, for I cannot possibly be more menaced, or more wretched. Joseph, who has even more spies placed over him than myself, and is, perhaps, more unfortunate, has written to say he cannot be of the least service to me: inclosed is his letter, for your perusal. 'Tis then to you, notwithstanding your devotion to my brother, that I address myself, in the hope of procuring liberty and repose, and trusting that you will not betray your colleague in royalty. You have heard of my flight from Holland—the world is acquainted with my

motives; and, I flatter myself, behold with interest and compassion the man, who had the choice of dishonour or power, of treachery or riches, efface himself from the list of sovereigns, rather than be an accomplice in the ruin of the country he governed.

Since the time I was recalled, or rather conveyed to Paris, like a criminal, being guarded in my route by Bertrand, one of my brother's aides-de-camp, and constantly subject to the watchfulness of his agents, and the multiplicity of his fears and caprices. My brother's first impulse, at sight of me, was to spring forward, as if he would tear me to pieces (never did I before witness so dreadful an expression of rage); but he drew back suddenly exclaiming, "No! you are a king: I will not lay my hands on you; neither will I tell you what I think of your infamous conduct. I am irritated, it is true, but it is against a man whom I have made a sovereign; therefore should not yield to my passions, for I ought to respect myself even in my own work. I cannot, notwithstanding, help saying my brothers are but * * * * *, and that when I reckoned on them to assist me in governing, I consulted more my affection than my judgment; but I am sovereign over all, and will no longer trust the fate of my great empire to such hair-brained fellows, who suffer themselves to be misled by perfidious counsellors, and enthralled by ridiculous fancies and heroic sentiments. Ah! it is with the head we must govern, not with the heart. Lucien, I know, has given you all this absurd advice; that contemplative philosopher, that political tribune, it is he who has given you false ideas of your duty, who has inspired you with exalted sentiments in favour of the people I confided to your care. No, no, the epoch in which I live is not, can not be, shall not be formed for the happiness of men, but I labour for the welfare of future nations. Nature, or what you will, formed me without

pity, because we must be devoid of pity to dissect this social carcase which I contributed to hew down, and which I alone will regenerate. Eh, S—— D——, your soothing proclamations, your amicable protestations, and your comments on the rigour of my conduct, would very soon have produced a revolution amongst your people, if I had left you to conspire with, instead of governing, the Hollanders; I shall charge myself with their government, and you will see if they dare assail me with remonstrances—Remonstrances, indeed! I listen to none—I will be obeyed. I command you to cohabit with your wife.”—“I will die first!” I exclaimed with indignation. —“Die!” replied he in an ironical tone, “who menaced you with death?” No, my brother, we do not die of delicacy; and it is nothing but false delicacy which separates you from the Queen Hortensia; but, however, there shall be an end to this farce sooner or later; you know the reports which are circulated, and as it does not suit me to employ means to discredit those reports believed by the wicked and spread by the idle, it must remain with you, yes, with you, King Louis, to falsify these tales by seeing your wife. To-morrow there will be a grand levee, be sure you attend, the Queen Hortensia will be there; I shall arrange every thing for public view. Adieu, go now to the arch-treasurer; he waits to conduct you with him to dinner.”

Since this interview I have remained as obstinate in my refusal, as Napoleon is in his will, and as he insists I shall yield, or break with him, I will not yield, but I will fly; and in this emergency I apply to you for assistance, and intreat you will provide me a vessel wherein I may set sail for Malta, and either find an asylum there, or at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Napoleon wishes to send me to Valencay, where I may live, he says, with kings dethroned like myself; but I have vowed to him that nothing but force shall tear me from Paris. Every day I receive some sinister advise;—’tis from him, no doubt, who, wishing me to relax in my resistance, endeavours, by means of his spies, to inspire me with those horrible fears his atrocious character may realize. I no longer see him, and have not had one interview since the short one I detailed to you in this letter; but I learn from the papers that he exhibits the Queen Hortensia every where in the suite of the Empress.

L***** B*****

(To be continued in our next.)

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA !

Poems by William Robert Spencer. Printed for Cadell and Davies, Strand, 1811.

THE talents of Mr. Spencer have long been the theme of panegyric in the fashionable world; but it is not always that a man deserves the praise which he obtains: pleasantry, easy manners, and a good share of confidence, will frequently procure the general reputation of being extremely witty and profoundly learned. This, however, is certainly not the predicament of the gentleman whose poems we are about to notice; for we know, from his college companions, that while at Christchurch, he was alike distinguished for classic erudition and for the most astonishing powers of memory. As a generalscholar, he is, we believe, inferior to none; and the late Mr. Fox has been heard to declare, that Mr. William Spencer exceeded every man he had ever met with in the happy talent of conversation. From a gentleman so gifted, we expected much; and from the specimens of his poetry which we had previously perused, we were warranted in believing that our expectations would not be disappointed—To say that we have experienced that high gratification which we anticipated, would be a sacrifice of truth—We have been pleased certainly in our progress through his little volume, still our pleasure has been that of meeting with old acquaintances, by whom we have often been delighted; and if we were to encounter them fifty times again,

should always greet them with a hearty welcome; but it was our affection for them which rendered us so anxious to be introduced to more of the same family: we are doomed, however, to wait in suspense for this pleasure, until Mr. Spencer launches his second volume, which we rejoice to hear is already on the stocks, and we have little doubt of its being freighted with a variety of choice Parnasian fruits. Those who have not before seen "*THE YEAR OF SORROW*,"—"BETH GELERT," and numerous other charming effusions of Mr. Spencer's alternately pathetic and sportive muse, which are now collected in the little book before us, must, if they have any taste or feeling for poetry, rejoice at their publication. We shall present our readers with a few extracts from the former of these, which will convince them that our praise is not undeserved.

During the sickly year immediately preceding the Spring in which this poem was written, the author lost many amiable and illustrious friends, whose virtues and premature deaths he records and commemorates.

The following lines were occasioned by the death of John Dunnage, Esq., who died in the south of France.—A fastidious critic might observe, that towards the close they appear intended to inculcate the doctrine of "*Purgatory*," but we are sure this was not their author's intention—of their beauty there can be but one opinion:—

"Nor shall the mournful chronicle forget
One who with honest truth my friendship met;
To him farewell!—Thy morning clouds were past,
And all thy days seem'd bright'ning to the last;
Youth was thy season of distress and tears,
But Pleasure met thee in the vale of years;
Scarce in the vale, ere all thy sand was run,
And thy life ended when thy joys begun.
To thee farewell—and oh! when Summer leads
To Cambria's woodland rocks, and streamy meads,
Each scene of Nature's pageantry review'd,

Each scheme of social happiness renew'd,
 Each rural day, each festive night shall be
 A dear, a long remembrancer of thee!
 O think not fruitless are the griefs which rend
 The heart of Friendship o'er a buried friend;
 Are they not vouchers of distinguish'd days?
 Of active virtues, and decided praise?
 The man, when summon'd to the realms of death,
 Who, unlamented, yields his useless breath,
 Though no foul crime's done in his mortal state
 The fearful hour of retribution wait,
 Yet long in cold obstruction dark he lies,
 Unwept on earth, unwelcomed in the skies!
 Whilst ev'ry tear o'er Friendship's ashes pour'd,
 Blots out some frailty from the dread record;
 And ev'ry sigh breath'd on the fun'ral sod
 Wafts the lov'd spirit nearer to his God!"—P. 44.

The untimely death of the young and beautiful Mrs. Ellis, daughter of the late Lord Hervey, and wife of Charles Ellis, Esq. is thus pathetically recorded by Mr. Spencer:—

"Breathe, soft Italian gales! and ye that wing
 The tideless shore, where never-changing Spring
 Rules all the halcyon year, breathe soft, and shed
 Your kindest dews o'er pale Eliza's head!
 Propitious grant an anguish'd mother's prayer,
 And save a wedded lover from despair.
 Vain was the hope—in Beauty's earliest pride,
 E'en in the porch of life, Eliza died;
 E'er yet the green leaf of her days was come,
 The death-storm rose, and swept her to the tomb!
 O Thou, whose final will is happiness,
 Author of good! Permitter of distress!
 If still to speechless pangs thine ear be giv'n;
 If dumb despair be eloquence in heav'n;
 O re-ascend thy mercy-seat! to Thee
 Religious sorrow bows her filial knee!
 Let Faith, thy cherub almoner, bestow
 One gleam to cheer, not chase, the night of woe;
 Let Patience soothe, not cure, the sacred grief
 Which prays not for oblivion, but relief:
 Oblivion!—no—the dear, the deep regret,
 What heart that lov'd Eliza would forget!

I lov'd her, too; on Amo's classic lawn
 My dawning fancy hail'd her beauty's dawn;
 My youthful lyre first woke her infant taste,
 And by her earliest smiles my earliest song was grac'd.
 Oblivion!—no—to life's extremest bourn
 All who have lov'd and lost thee, still shall mourn;
 From their last hour, when earthlier passions flee,
 Consenting Heav'n shall yield one thought to thee;
 To thee, the theme which soothes their latest sighs!
 To thee, the dearest hope which lures them to the skies!"

After an elegant epithalamium on the intended nuptials of Lady Harriet Hamilton with the Marquis of Waterford, the poet suddenly desists from decking her "bride bed," to strew flowers on her grave. Can any thing be more beautiful than the following lines?

"Ah! check the song —————
 Too well when first I tun'd the mournful strain,
 My boding heart presag'd severer pain.
 'Tis past—and thou hast struck disastrous year,
 Thy master stroke of desolation here.
 'Tis past—young, fair, and faultless Harriet dies,
 Lovely in youthful death, the slumberer lies;
 Still hope and peace her gentle features speak
 Life's farewell smile still lights her fading cheek.
 Soft was the voice which call'd her spirit hence,
 Death wore no shape to scare her parting sense.
 A white rob'd messenger of light he seem'd,
 His looks with smiles of heavenly promise beam'd;
 Skywards were spread his wings of feathery snow,
 And lilies wreathed his alabaster brow.
 Stanmore, through all her joy-deserted seats,
 No lamentation hears, no sigh repeats;
 Silent like thee whose virgin bier they dress,
 Silent like thee whose pale-rose lips they press.
 Thy mourners speak no grief—no dirge prepare,
 Thy dirge is silence and their grief despair!"

P. 54.

That Mr. Spencer's Muse can be sportive as well as pathetic, is sufficiently proved by his "*Good-bye and How d'ye do,*" and by the following lines.

To his Grammatical Niece.

The *Nom'native* case which I study's—"a Niece,"
 Who is *genitive* ever of kindness to me;
 When I'm sad she's so *Dative* of comfort and peace,
 That I scarce against fate can *Accusative* be.
 O Friendship (this *Vocative* most I prefer)
 Make my case always *Ablative*—by and with her.

Your mother's a *Verb* from *Anomaly* free,
 Though *Indicative* always of learning and sense,
 In *all* of her moods she's *Potential* o'er me,
 And the *Perfect* is still her *invariable Tense*.
 Though *Passive* in temper, most *Active* in spirit,
 And we are *Deponents* who swear to her merit!

For a *Syntax* like that which unites her and you,
 Through folios of *Grammqr* in vain we may seek,
 As in *Gender*, in *Number*, your *Concords* most true,
 For as *Mother* and *Daughter* you both are *unique*.
 And in goodness to *all*, as in kindness to me,
 You both in *all cases* are sure to agree!

From *Prosodia*, perhaps, I might learn (if I tried)
 "To scan my own many defects"—(vide Gray);
 But vain are all metrical rules, when applied
 To charms which both mother and daughter display!
 For who could e'er learn, with all labour and leisure,
 To scan what are quite without *number* and *measure*!"

(P. 146.)

After these specimens, what must our readers think of the contemptible attacks of certain reviewers, who declare that Mr. Spencer has no talent for poetry, no taste, and but little feeling? The fact is, these *pseudo* critics had

heard that Mr. Spencer was a man of *fashion*, and therefore they concluded that they might safely accuse him of all these defects, which are but too conspicuous in many fashionable characters. They have, however, proved, that if they read his book before they reviewed it, they must themselves be the most ignorant and tasteless scribblers that ever inhabited a garret; and that if they criticised without reading it (which, by the bye, is frequently the case), they are something worse.

There are certainly a few articles that we wish had been omitted; and we have met with a few passages which, did we not know Mr. Spencer's head to be stored with such a variety of indigenous and exotic flowers, that he might easily, in the hurry of weaving a poetic garland mistake one for the other, might suppose him guilty of *plagiarism*.—Thus we have seen something very like “*the items*,” in his description of the Viscountess Villiers, in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*; and “*the noiseless foot of time*” (p. 166), strangely resembles the “*non intellecta senectus*” of Juvenal.

THEATRICALS.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti!—HOR.

LYCEUM.

WHEN Mr. Elliston commenced his *musical* career at the Circus, in order distinctly to mark, as well for the benefit of the present age, as for that of all posterity, the precise period at which it was the *happy lot* of that theatre to be *blessed* with the countenance and support of so *extraordinary a personage*, he made a great change in the nature of the entertainments there offered to the public. To shew his taste for the legitimate drama (which it should seem he was of opinion he had not sufficiently expressed by deserting it), he resolved to banish horse riding (as wholly unworthy the theatre, where one who occasionally had been named *with Kemble*, was master); and the common-place ballets, dances, &c. which had till then been deemed meet for the amusement of the gentry of St. George's Fields. To raise the taste of that district, he determined on giving them a something which, in his opinion, bore a greater resemblance to the performances of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. His philosophic and comprehensive mind had possibly discovered, that to the want of this, the dissolute manners of so large a portion of that neighbourhood was to be ascribed, and by *acting on a new plan*, the philanthropist might entertain hopes of spreading refinement

far and wide, from the Surrey theatre to the top of Horsemonger-lane.

The plan which he hit upon was to give burlettas founded on the "plot, incidents, and diction" of popular plays. Than this, perhaps, a better expedient for leading young aspiring geniuses to tread the highest walks of fame, was never devised by the ingenuity of man. Gentlemen with no more knowledge of life, than the Lord Chancellor has taste for music, with no more invention (like Lazillo) "than an oyster," and with little more knowledge of their own language than the English grammar writers of Sir Richard Phillips, were at once enabled to become authors. Little more was necessary, than to know that "reproaches" would rhyme with "coaches," "tank" with "clank," "trees" with "breeze," &c. and a burletta could be speedily produced. Those whose pieces had before been only greeted with the hiss of indignation, or the smile of contempt, were now enabled to share the laurels of Sheridan, Farquhar, and Shakspeare; and the path was open for a "School for Scandal," to be produced by Mr. T. Dibdin, a "Beaux Stratagem," by Mr. Lawler, and a "Hamlet," by Mr. Upton.

The success of several of the performances which were the fruits of the plan above described, was very great. The ease with which, from their fate, it was obvious that our favorite old authors could be pirated with advantage, seems to have inspired a Mr. Stephen Clarke with a laudable thirst for fame, and an ardent desire to distinguish himself in the service of the Comic Muse. With such feelings (as we presume) the aforesaid Stephen Clarke, has taken from its shelf the "Spanish Curate" of Beaumont and Fletcher, altered it, and brought it forward at the Lyceum. Unwilling, however, to place himself on a level with the burletta writers of St. George's-fields, he did not think it necessary

to state in the play-bills, that his piece was founded on the plot, incidents, and diction of "The Spanish Curate." Oh, no; all this was to be cunningly concealed (cunning little Stephen!) and it was to be brought out as a new play, under the title of "The Kiss." This done, if it succeeded the secret could be kept; if it was damned by the audience, or despised by the critics, why then,—cunning little Stephen could easily throw the load of obloquy off his own shoulders, and turn the laugh on Beaumont and Fletcher; or yet better, on the critics who might condemn "The Kiss," unconscious they were reviewing a part of the writings of Beaumont and Fletcher—(cunning little Stephen!)

Mr. Clarke has admitted that he is under some obligations to the celebrated dramatists whose names we have mentioned. This he has acknowledged in his prologue. We, however, beg to ask, why he did not publish the prologue as it was spoken on the first night? We perfectly well remember a phrase or two delivered by Mr. Marshall, which are not to be found in the printed prologue; and we think we could point out a something in that now prefixed to his comedy, which has since been added. The fact is, if we are not strangely mistaken, Mr. Clarke has become much more ingenuous since his play was performed, and has made a fuller acknowledgment of his obligations to Beaumont and Fletcher, than he at first intended. Whether this change was brought about by native integrity, getting the mastery of trick and cunning, or by the remonstrances of some of the newspaper critics, who had found out the secret, we leave for wiser heads to determine.

Mr. Clarke trusts he shall not be censured for having made free with Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Candour will not the licence now refuse
Granted to Cibber and to Farquhar's muse."

PROLOGUE.

Here he modestly *only* puts himself on a level with Cibber and Farquhar: at least he does not put himself much above them. He does to be sure in some sort say, that it would be very strange indeed if the licence granted to Cibber and Farquhar, were to be denied to so extraordinary a genius as himself; but still his modesty in putting his name with writers of no greater eminence, is entitled to uncommon praise. Candour will surely *not deny* that he has a much greater claim to be the hero of a *Dunciad*, than ever the former of the two writers mentioned had, though that honour was bestowed upon him, even without solicitation, by the unaccountable *partiality* of Pope.

In the play before us, the scenes in which *Lopez* and *Diego* are concerned, are taken word for word from "The Spanish Curate." These, which are nearly the worst scenes in the original, are the best in the copy. *Bartolus* the lawyer, who has a wanton wife in "The Spanish Curate," is turned into *Bartolo*, a lawyer, with a pretty unruly ward. *Leandro* here resorts to the same stratagems to steal this ward away, as in the former play he puts in practice to seduce the wife; and the conduct of the lawyer at finding himself duped, is the same as in the comedy of Beaumont and Fletcher. This business constitutes what Mr. Clarke calls the underplot.

From what has been said of his obligations to

" Those twin stars that run
Their glorious course round Shakspeare's golden sun,"

and from the description we have given of the alterations he has made in what he has taken from them, it will be seen, that "The Kiss" ought to have been called any thing but a new play. The change he has made out of respect to the marriage bed, is the same as that made by Garrick, when he altered "The Country Wife" of Wycherly. A

less original genius than Mr. Clarke might be suspected of having thence stolen the idea upon which he has acted; but wherever he has got the idea, he has used it with so little address, that it may very well pass for his own.

We come now to notice that part of the play which is supposed to be the main story, and which moreover is said to be original. The parties concerned here are a Count and Countess Olmeda. The Count is jealous of his lady, and in consequence locks her up. This *very original* business Mr. Clarke appears to have thought would have a singularly happy effect, if given *by way of variety*, in a play which contained *the lock-up scenes* of *Bartolus* and *Amaranta*. We are in consequence danced *with Leandro* from the prison of the *Countess* to that of *Amaranta*, and from the prison of *Amaranta* to that of *the Countess*, in soft succession till at length the *Countess* is released.

p. 486 - 488

who is continually raving with all the wildness of a lovesick youth in despair, or dancing about in an extacy of rapture, is an old fellow near sixty years of age. This is evident from what passes in a conversation between him and a servant. It appears that that very man had been thirty years in his service. Now we have no reason to suppose that that domestic was as old as his master's establishment ; and as it is probable that the Count did not come to his estate till he was three or four-and-twenty, we think we are justified in taking him to be about sixty years old. It will easily be conceived, that the raptures and the agonies of an old dotard must be very amusing, more especially when intended to be serious. The effect, however, was rather impaired by the manner in which the character was dressed and played. Instead of its being dressed as

8 Missing.

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It may be expected that we should say something of the characters. This, however, is not very necessary. The comic characters are those taken from Beaumont and Fletcher, and the others do not deserve notice, with the exception of the character of the Count, of which we propose to say a word or two. This gentleman, who is the ardent fiery husband,

"Who doats yet doubts, suspects yet fondly loves,"

who is continually raving with all the wildness of a love-sick youth in despair, or dancing about in an extacy of rapture, is an old fellow near sixty years of age. This is evident from what passes in a conversation between him and a servant. It appears that that very man had been thirty years in his service. Now we have no reason to suppose that that domestic was as old as his master's establishment ; and as it is probable that the Count did not come to his estate till he was three or four-and-twenty, we think we are justified in taking him to be about sixty years old. It will easily be conceived, that the raptures and the agonies of an old dotard must be very amusing, more especially when intended to be serious. The effect, however, was rather impaired by the manner in which the character was dressed and played. Instead of its being dressed, as characters above forty usually are on the stage, with an immense wig and a snug bib ; and instead of its being played with an hobbling gait, a stick and one hand behind, the Count is actually made to appear so young a man, that if we were not aware that *appearances are often deceitful*, we should really have judged from his looks that he could *not* have been *born*, at the time *when he hired* the domestic we have mentioned as having been thirty years in his service. This may be the work of Mr. Putnam. The character, we understand, was intended for Mr. Raymond, but he from indisposition was unable to perform it. Things were in this situation when it was undertaken by Mr. Putnam, at a very short notice, who of course had not time to consider whether his part was old or young. He gave the *Count* the appearance of a man of twenty-five, and his deportment throughout corresponded with his appearance. The managers, who are very industriously trying to find out where this gentleman's talent lies, thought it perhaps a proper part for him to play, to prepare himself for that of *George Barnwell*.

The comic parts were exceedingly well played. Lovegrove displayed much genuine humour in *Lopez*, and little Knight, in the lying, pimping, double-faced *Diego*, was quite at home.

On the first night, very strong disapprobation was expressed towards the close of the performance. The play was, however, repeated with some alteration every night for about a fortnight.

On the 20th a farce was produced, called "The Rejection, or Every Body's Business." It would be a waste of time to bestow any thing like criticism on this truly contemptible performance. Dismayed by the impotent attempts of others at wit, the modest author of "The Rejection" made no efforts of that nature. This piece only furnished a flow of uninterrupted dullness, from its commencement to the fall of the curtain. The audience treated it with proper contempt, and would not suffer it to be announced for a second representation. De Camp came forward for that purpose, but could not obtain a hearing. Instead of announcing it in the midst of the storm, as is too often done, he had deference enough for the audience to pause. While affairs stood thus, he was called to the side, whence he returned with a sheet of paper in his hand. This, after some time, he was allowed to read. The substance of it was, that as the Manager and Author were only desirous of gaining public approbation, they wished to know if it was the pleasure of the house that the farce should be repeated; if they were averse to it, it would be withdrawn. The most decided opposition was given to its repetition, and the proposal to withdraw it met with equally fervent applause. Mr. De Camp then put the question, "*Will you, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to say that this piece——*" "No, no," was here vociferated from all parts of the house, and De Camp was obliged to retire, without making himself farther heard.

The next day, notwithstanding all this, the piece was

announced in the bills for the evening, though it was not pretended that it met with the *usual universal applause*. The managers, however, were afraid to go on with it; Miss Duncan was conveniently indisposed that day, and the farce was not played a second time.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

"Talk of the devil and he's here," the old adage says. We had scarcely made the observations which commence the preceding article, on the burlettas, and on the burletta writers of St. George's-fields, when Mr. T. Dibdin, from the Surrey Theatre, came forward with a new opera, called "Up to Town."

It is unnecessary for us here to state the *high* estimation in which we hold the talents of Mr. Dibdin as a dramatic writer. On the present occasion his success has not been so great as to make us blush for the opinion we had previously formed of him. "Up to Town" is barren of incident, and destitute of interest, and though the dialogue is in some parts tolerably lively, yet as a whole it was found abominably tedious. It was most completely damned on the first night; and as it has since been withdrawn, it is not necessary to say much on the subject. In justice to Mr. Dibdin we must confess, that the want of originality in the music, and the intolerable sameness which ran through it, contributed not a little to its failure. Had the composers acquitted themselves better, it is probable the piece would not have succeeded; as it was, their exertions made "assurance doubly sure."

Though the reception given to this piece on the first night, was such as ought to have banished it from the stage for ever, it was played the next night, as a piece honoured by the highest approbation, and received with the

most unbounded applause throughout. On this occasion a conversation took place, it is probable, between the managers, similar to that which Fielding has given us between the two *Marplays*, in one of his pieces.

Young Marplay. "What do you mean to do with the new farce which was damned last night?"

Old Marplay. "Why play it again to be sure, every evening, and let them damn on till they are tired."

Whatever they might say on the subject, their resolution seems to have been the same with that of the senior *Marplay*. The piece was announced for every evening till further notice, and played for four or five nights, till the opposition grew so formidable that, as in the O. P. war, the managers were obliged to give up the contest, and this "*universally applauded*" opera was formally withdrawn.

We really think they must have felt themselves rather galled at being thus obliged to eat *humble pye*, if we may use so homely a phrase. They were, however, rightly served; and we should not be sorry if an apology were to be exacted from them, every time they have the audacity publicly to tell a falsehood so barefaced, as that which they are in the habit of telling whenever a new piece meets with an unfavourable reception. The pain and the disgrace necessarily attendant on their humiliation in the present instance, will, we trust, be a warning to them for the time to come. If they cannot furnish the town with what they may admire, at least let them not insult common sense and decency, by outrageously declaring that that which was hooted off the stage, was received with unbounded applause.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum inter vos TANTAS componere lites!

VIRGIL:

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?

POPE.

1. The Spirit of the Moment candidly considered; by a Man of Kent.

"There are *many excellent* general reflections in this pamphlet. We heartily agree with the *sensible* and *patriotic* writer," &c.—Critical Review.

"We should probably not have been *pestered* with this *tedious, narrow-minded, unconstitutional* pamphlet, if the author had given himself the trouble, &c."—Eclectic Review.

2. A Political Catechism, adapted to the present Moment.

"This little sketch is a *neat* manual of the *principles* of our constitution."—Monthly Review.

"This is a *neat* summary of whig principles, which is certainly calculated to *do some good*, and little if any harm."—Eclectic Review.

"The present production is evidently the work of a *liberal* mind, animated by the love of *rational liberty*."—Critical Review.

"The tract before us ranks among the *lowest* and *most vulgar* effusions of *democratic spleen* and *party prejudice*."—British Critic.

3. *The Lower World*, a Poem ; by Mr. Pratt.

" Mr. Pratt, ever the advocate of humanity, has here pleaded her cause with *energy and effect*."—Antijacobin Review.

" Throughout all his works Mr. Pratt has ever appeared to us an ingenious, pleasing writer : his powers of *pleasing* do not seem at all diminished in the present poem, of which we shall extract such passages as have *delighted* us most in the perusal."—Critical Review.

" Six times did we rashly take up this book in the evening for perusal, and *six times* did it compose us into a *sound sleep*.* —Can any thing be more *silly* than this *confused* description," &c. " But we have still the greatest *absurdity* to produce.—We have now done with Mr. Pratt and his book. Such *false taste*, such *affectation* of benevolence, and such *abortive attempts* at *pathos* and *sublimity*, we have never met before, and hope never to meet again."—Monthly Mirror.

4. *The Principle of the System of Education in the Public Schools of England*, as it respects Morality and Religion, favourably but impartially considered.

" The subject is here *very liberally*, and *ably* discussed."—Monthly Review.

" We find exemplified here, what has often been asserted, that an *injudicious* friend is worse than a declared enemy ; and, allowing every thing to the writer for purity of intention, we are sorry we cannot think that his pamphlet will have any effect in repelling the idle objections," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

5. *An Essay on the Torpidity of Animals* ; by Henry Reeve, M. D.

" Dr. Reeve, in this *truly philosophical* treatise, with great

* This part of the extract, about " being composed into a *sound sleep* in the evening," will not perhaps be generally considered as any *contradiction*, but rather as a *perfect confirmation*, of what the Critical Review affirms, of Mr. Pratt's "*powers of pleasing*."—Satirist.

care and precision, has ascertained several important facts, from which he draws the *most correct* and *judicious* conclusions. In the course of these investigations, the author is led to make some *valuable* remarks," &c. "In the close of his book, he *throws important light* on the medical effects of cold. We are very apprehensive of having done some injustice to this *admirable* tract," &c.—British Critic.

"We fear that Dr. Reeve's hurried publication, whatever may have been his motives, will *injure himself without benefiting others*. We cannot discover that our author has added any thing but *confusion and contradiction* to the facts adduced from others. We expected to have found in a work by Dr. Reeve, proofs, if not of brilliant talents, at least of a *correct judgment* and a *clear understanding*: we have been *disappointed*, for there are in *many* parts of his book a *puerility* and a *verbiage* which have greatly surprised us.—We must once more *condole* with our author on the publication. It is *discreditable* to him, and we are sorry for it."—London Medical Review.

6. The Genius of the Thames, a Lyrical Poem; by Thomas Love Peacock.

§. "—With these exceptions, the poem appears to us one of the *most spirited*, and, of its kind, one of the *best*, that have lately fallen under our notice."—British Critic.

"This poem possesses *all the essentials of good poetry*: it has genius, taste, and judgment, to recommend it.—All these objects excite * a thousand ideas which the skilful bard may improve and dilate upon, so as to excite * a *deep and never-failing interest* in the mind of the reader. Such a poet is Mr. Peacock: in his chaste verses there is *none* of that disgusting *affectation*, *none* of that quaint *frippery* of speech, *none* of that *tawdry tinsel*, in which the poetasters of the present day delight in arraying their gaudy muses. The stanzas of this poem

* The critic must have written this sentence (to use a *Brunonian* phrase) when under a high degree of *excitability*.—SATIRIST.

are *strongly and uniformly* marked by a *classic chastity*, a *dignified simplicity* of language; the ideas and the *sentiments* are not *fantastically refined*, nor laboriously worked up, but *flow naturally* from the lips of genius: and there runs throughout the *whole* an *affecting pathos*, that *keeps alive* the interest in the heart."—Antijacobin Review.

"There is in this performance *little plan* and *less order*. If Mr. Peacock's design in writing his lyrics, was simply to produce a series of mellifluous stanzas, we think he has succeeded admirably. But with regard to *meaning* he has been *less liberal*; and in *many* instances, we must be allowed to say, there is rather too *broad* a contrast between the *amplitude* of the *decoration* and the *nothingness* of the *sentiment*. *Misplaced elevation* and *injudicious ornament* are the prevailing faults of the *whole poem*. Like a certain *gay bird*, Mr. Peacock never moves without *strutting*; and the *excessive disproportion* which so often exists between the *thought* and *language*, produces a disturbance not very unlike what we feel when the *mock majesty* of that gay bird is contrasted with his *discordant scream*."—Eclectic Review.

"—Here we must bid adieu to Mr. Thomas Love Peacock, and his *Genius of the Thames*; which, though not altogether without merit, is *very deficient* in *spirit* and *interest*."—Critical Review.

§. "Towards the end of the First Part, the author has introduced the needless, and to us *uninteresting*, episode of a *Druid*," &c.—British Critic.

"The *best* part of the poem, we think, however objectionable it may be with regard to connection, is the episode of the *Druid*."—Eclectic Review.

7. Constance de Castile, a Poem; by William Sotheby, Esq.

"It is a little *unfortunate*, we fear, for the credit of the present poem, that it is so calculated, at least by its external appearance, to provoke a comparison with the beautiful narratives of Mr. Scott."—Eclectic Review.

" We apprehend that the manner and *metre* which Mr. Sotheby has chosen will be chiefly objected to ; the desultory stanza and occasional familiarity of style, with its abrupt transitions, involuntarily reminding us of the peculiar style of *Mr. Walter Scott* : but there seems *no reason* why Mr. Sotheby, if he thought it more consonant to his subject, *should not* employ such a structure of versification.—In the choice of his *subject* for the present poem, we think Mr. Sotheby has evinced *great judgment*.—We can recommend with great truth and sincerity the *whole poem*, as *eminently worthy* the taste, judgment, and talents, of a person so well known and so highly respected as this author."
—British Critic,

" That he who has written as Mr. Sotheby has written,—that such an author, we say, should select for his style the *metre* of Hans Carvel, and for his *hero* don Pedro the Cruel, is *truly melancholy*.—We must proceed to prove the justice of the *censure* which we are reluctantly compelled to bestow on this *very inferior* work of an able author."—Monthly Review.

" —Thus ends a poem, of which the *dully* respectable uniformity is neither outraged by any glaring faults, nor relieved by any remarkable beauties. We are sensibly mortified at finding ourselves obliged to pronounce this *cold* and *damning censure*," &c. " It is utterly inconceivable to us how one whose taste has been habituated to the charms of the full melodious stanza, can ever have been seduced to exchange it for the *trumpery patchwork* of fashionable-verse making."—Critical Review.

8. Advice on the Study of the Law, with Directions for the Choice of Books ; addressed to Attorneys' Clerks.

" We can recommend the author's Advice as very sound, and *proper to be followed* not only by *Attorney's Clerks*, but, as far as it applies, by all other professional students."—Critical Review.

" It is not very probable that many *attorneys' clerks* will prosecute the enlarged and *unnecessary* course of study here advised."—Eclectic Review.

"This outline of a liberal professional education reflects *credit* on the general information and judgment of the author."—*Monthly Review*.

"The author appears to be a man of very good meaning, with a *very scanty knowledge* of what he is talking about."—*Monthly Mirror*.

9. Sacred Allegories, or Allegorical Poems illustrative of Subjects moral and divine; by the Reverend John Williams.

"The above is a *well-imagined* and *successfully executed* idea for combining *entertainment* with instruction."—*British Critic*.

"Mr. Williams's Sacred Allegories *prove*, with many other works of the same kind, that, when poetical liberties are taken with religion, more *disgust* than pleasure is produced."—*Monthly Review*.

10. Ferdinand and Ordella, a Russian Story; by Priscilla Parlante.

"Some parts of the book are *written so well*, with *so much propriety*, and *energy of diction*," &c.—*Antijacobin Review*.

"This lady appears to possess more *imagination* than judgment. The former quality has enabled her to enrich her work with *many scenes of real interest*. She has *great command of language*, and *powers of fancy*; and though we cannot coincide in all her speculative opinions, we have been *pleased and amused* with the volumes before us."—*Monthly Review*.

"The readers of Ferdinand and Ordella might have saved themselves the trouble of wading through two *heavy dull volumes of incoherent stuff*," &c.—"We are sorry and *shocked* that such an *unchaste* thought should enter the mind of a female who pretends to write for the amusement or instruction of the youth of both sexes; and we must be permitted to say that it does *not* impress us with a very exalted opinion of her *delicacy*.—And so ends Ferdinand and Ordella, which we are sorry to pronounce a *very dull performance*, evincing *little taste* and ingenuity, and spun out to a *most tiresome* length.—This is

but a *poor* mark of Miss Parlante's genius ; and would have weakened the *interest* of her performance, *had it possessed any*. —This *clumsy* contrivance only augments the *insipid dulness* of the tale. We conclude this article with regretting that it is *not* in our power to bestow *any praise* on the story of Ferdinand and Ordella."—Critical Review.

11. Journal of a Tour in Ireland, A.D. 1806 ; by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.

"This is neither a very entertaining *nor* a very *instructive* work."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"It would be *no easy matter* to inform those who are desirous of *instruction* as to the early history and affairs of Ireland, where they can find *any thing* more *satisfactory*," &c.—British Critic.

12. Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of ancient Manners ; by Francis Douce.

"Here we must, however reluctantly, take our leave of Mr. Douce's *very ingenuous* work."—Literary Panorama.

"—But we perceive that the *great amusement* we progressively receive as we advance through the work, would lead us too long, however pleasing a path. We shall therefore generally assure the reader, he will find his assiduity of examination *well rewarded*. He will be informed in *every page*, of something *important* for him to know.—The pains we have taken in placing the substance of these volumes before our readers, will sufficiently demonstrate how *very highly* we *esteem* and *approve* them."—British Critic.

"This is a *very useful* and *entertaining* work."—Critical Review (Appendix).

"We trust that Mr. Douce will pursue his researches on the curious subjects connected with ancient manners, for which he is so eminently qualified. We are bound to acknowledge with gratitude the *amusement* and *information* which his present work has afforded us ; and to allow him the praise of being a *learned*

antiquary, an *acute* observer, and frequently an *useful* commentator on the greatest of dramatic poets."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Douce has long been known as a gentleman deeply versed in the antiquities of our national literature and manners; and the volumes before us are *highly creditable* to his *taste*, his *diligence* in research, and his *skill* in our language."—Eclectic Review.

"We think Mr. Douce, upon the whole, *very feeble* and *very dull*; and must set down his book among those which it is impossible to peruse without feelings of *compassion* for the incredible labour which has been expended, with so *little* return either of *instruction* or *amusement*.—The proportion of notes that are properly explanatory, is extremely small; and, even of these, we think the *greater part* obviously, and even *perversely, erroneous*. We do not pretend to any extraordinary skill in this work of interpretation; but the *elaborate blundering* of Mr. Douce, we really think, may be made apparent to the most unpractised eye.—We shall add but one more example of this *darkening elucidation*.—It would be easy to *multiply examples* of this sort of annotation, but the task is too *irksome* and *degrading* to be pursued any further. We take our leave of Mr. Douce's *infirmities* with the following *almost incredible* instance of *ignorance*.—There are undoubtedly many little items of information in these volumes; but they have in general no *pretension* to the title of 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' nor any right to the popularity which such a title may procure for them. With reference to Shakspeare, they are an *overwhelming* and *confounding* mass of *heavy, trifling, and bewildering* interpretation."—Edinburgh Review.

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